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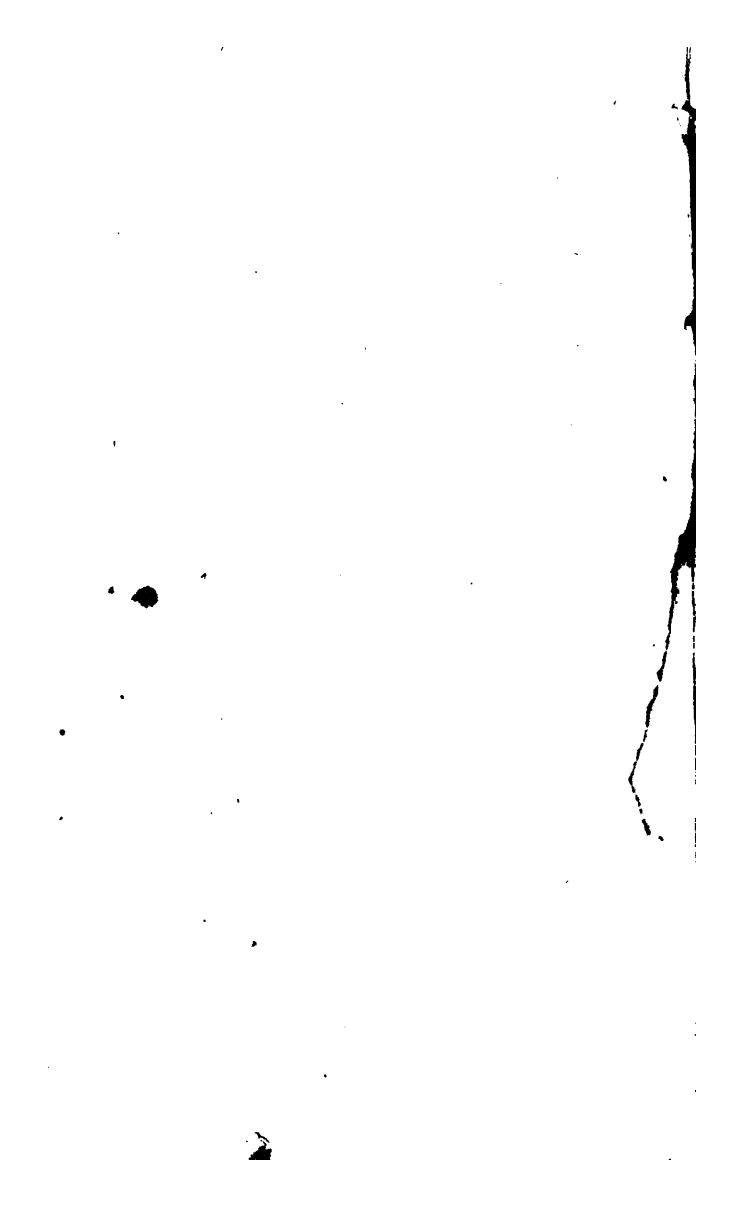

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS,

BY B. T. PINDLE;

INTENDED FOR THE AMUSEMENT

IF NOT THE INSTRUCTION

Of those who may favor them with attention, when *time* is not to be taken in the estimate; for Franklin says with many other good things, that "time is money" and should not be mis-spent.

BALTIMORE:

1851.

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"NECESSITAS NON HABET LEGES."

PREFACE.

When promiscuously written as these poems were, the writer had no forebodings of their future exposure to the public eye, nor the criticisms of the learned observer, content with the secret satisfaction derived therefrom, that his humble effusions should hence be doomed to moulder in oblivion because of so little instruction to the human family.

But when stern necessity wields the wand and becomes the ruling monarch for the time, and your Bard finds that from this scanty source, some honest help could be secured, 'tis then he feels embolden'd to try the issue here and to hazard the result of so presumptuous an undertaking.

Tho' rough and diffused as these may seem, when taken in the context, may nevertheless disclose some useful lesson, some timely admonition to the reckless and wayward youth, the degenerate sire, the faithless friend, the inconstant spouse, the wary politician, or the ungodly curate to retrace the error of his course and serve as a glimmering beacon to warn him against the latent ills that surround and beset the human race on every hand.

This little volume may occasionally contain quotations from other books calculated to strengthen the impression intended to be made, but in no case where that is done shall there be the least neglect to note the same.

I am nae poet in a sense,
But just a rhymer like, by chance,
And hae to learning nae pretence,
Yet what the matter—
Whene'er my muse does on me glance,
I gingle at her.

Your critic folk may cock their nose,
And say "how can you e'er propose,
"You wha ken hardly verse frae prose
To mak a sang?"
But by your leaves my learned foes,
Yer may be wrang.

What 's a' your jargon of your schools,
Your Latin names for hornes and stools,
If honest nature made ye fools,
What sairs *your grammars ;*
Ye'd better taen up spades and shools,
Or nappin hammers.

A set o' dull conceited hashes, (stupid fellows,)
Confuse their brains in college classes—
They gang in stirks *and come out asses,*
Plain truth to speak—
An' syne they think to climb Parnassus,
By dint o' Greek.

Gie me ane spark of nature's fire,
That 's a' the learning I desire—
Then tho' I drudge thro' dub or mire,
At pleugh or cart ;
My muse, tho' hamely in attire,
May touch the heart.

POETIC SKETCHES,

ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

Lines to Gen. Taylor,

Before the Battle of Buena-Vista.

CHIEFTAIN of the warrior ranks,
Who hath such glories won,
How can'st thy country tender thanks
For all that thou hast done?
'Twould be but false attempt at praise
To laud thy glorious name,
To sing thy worth in common lays,
To scan thy matchless fame:
'Twould take a master-hand to paint
The glories of THY course,
And all attempts would then be feint
To sing thy deeds in verse.
O were I on those rocks that tower
Aboon thine head at mid-night hour,
That I might guard thy manly form—
Point thee to the impending storm—
Avert th' blow that's aim'd at thee—
And set thy *Spartan* warriors free—
That I could scan with eagle glance,
Look on the dark and wild expanse,

Look into dim futurity
And mark thy coming destiny;
That I could catch prophetic skill
Then soar aloft from hill to hill,
And call thee Victor-warrior still,
Thou who bad'st the foe to yield,
To thee on Palo Alto's field,
Who bade the hireling hordes to flee
Before thine arm at Monterey!!
Who sent thy potent answer back,
That TAYLOR NEVER quits the track!—
Supported by thy brave defenders,
"That TAYLOR never yet surrenders!"
Stand by thy country's starry banner,
Sustain thy country's spotless honor,
Dispel the hordes of Santa Anna
From the fields of Buena Vista
As late thou did'st the the fam'd Arista,
By thy brief but stern command
Athwart the troubled Rio Grande,
Meandering to the briny flood,
To seek repose from scenes of blood,
Whose Crimson waters lash the shore
So deeply dyed in human gore,
Where thousands sleep for-evermore.
Thou friend of man so true and steady,
Whose form is "rough" but always "ready"
To brave the conflict, wield the stroke,
That breaks the tyrant's galling yoke;
That makes the cringing crouchant cower
Beneath thy stern and manly power,
Usurpers crush in every blow,
And lay the fell assassin low!
Then rise aloft on eagle's wing,

Glad tidings to the country sing,
That gallant Taylor's won the day,
And now is safe at Monterey.
When thou art gone—thy children hoary—
Thy name shall live in future story
Uneffac'd—in matchless glory,
Untarnished by the lapse of ages,
On thy country's *brightest* pages,
Where Washington yet holds a place
That time itself can ne'er efface—
That age on age can ne'er remove
From patriot-hearts that throb with love;
That beat so true for those that led
The chiefs of yore who fought and bled
On fields that blanch the tombless bones
Of freedom's best and bravest sons;
Where lingering laurels long will shed
A sacred halo round their head,—
Heads now mouldering in the dust,
But souls communing with the just,—
Heads low laid beneath the sod,
But souls in converse with their God.
The name of JACKSON, too, shall stand
In bold relief in freedom's land.
On freedom's brightest golden page
In every clime and every age,
A way-mark to the patriot son
Who adores the name of WASHINGTON;
Who feels an honest pride to dwell,
On themes so honored—loved so well,
As those that tell the glorious deeds
Of him who for his country bleeds,
Who dies a martyr to the cause
Of freemen's rights and freedom's laws.
Inspired statesmen, warriors too,

In council and in battle true,
Unwavering as the polar star
That cheered us on when seen afar,
In times portentous wild and dark, (1840.)
To save that *once devoted barque*,
By rough and raging billows driven
Beyond a calm and tranquil haven,
Whose bright and never-fading name
Stands foremost on the scroll of fame,
Whose glorious deeds of great renown
For ages past are handed down,
To let uprising nations see
That man is brave and will be free.

LINES ON THE DEATH OF MAJ. RINGGOLD.

'Tis a long, 'tis a last, 'tis a beautiful rest,
When all sorrow has past from the brow and breast,
And the lone spirit truly and wisely may crave
The sleep that is dreamless—the sleep of the grave.
ELIZA COOK.

When cannons boom, amid the gloom,
Of deadly jarring strife,
Ay, then it was, in freedom's cause,
That Ringgold gave his life,
A ransom for those laurels green,

That deck the hero's brow,
(When time's no more—will then be seen
As bright, as verdant now.)
This gallant soldier bravely fell—
With laurels overspread—
Then let your grateful praises tell
The honors of the dead!
And let your latest plaudits speak,
The glories of the brave!
He sleeps in death, no more to wake,
Near *Bravo's* troubled wave.
And chant the sacred dirge of him
Who sleeps by *Rio Bravo's* stream,
Whose bosom was his country's shield
On *Palo Alto's* bloody field.
And feel untading pride to tell
The worth of him who nobly fell,
Of him who gallant Taylor led,
Who for his country freely bled,
He fought with Taylor side by side,
And proudly for his country died.
The blood of Ringgold's heard to cry,
For vengeance at your hand!
Then freemen "let us do or die,"
For we must *fall or stand!*
But we will let the *rabble* see,
Yet e'er this strife be o'er,
That *Patriots* must and *will be free;*
And who could tell them more?
Proud Ringgold in his country's cause
Rais'd high that *manly arm,*
To shield her honor and her laws,
In peril and alarm.
When wounded, bleeding, prostrate laid,
Beneath the weight of blows,

These dying words our Hero said,
"Go battle with your foes,
I reek beside my gallant steed,
In *copious* streams of gore!
We fought, we fell, and now we bleed
Alas! ——, we fight no more.
Go, soldier go—there's work to do,
Our comrades fall—there's room for you;
We number few, our ranks are thin,
They want the help of gallant men!
Go leave this *fatal* spot to me,
Go fight the foes of liberty,
Go, let me on this sward remain,
Go, soldier, fight the Mexican.
Go leave me on this crimson sod;
Go leave me to myself —— and God.
(And then to BERNARD BYRNE he said,)
My faithful Surgeon do,
Raise up once more this languid head,
Now e'er my spirit go,
To join the armies now that stand,
In holier climes than this;
Where GOD—not Taylor bears command
And all's eternal peace.
Where Armies of celestial bands,
Appear and not afraid,
Where legions of the holier lands,
Stand firm and undismay'd.
Where God hath said ye righteous come
And I will give thee rest;
Where ye shall find a peaceful home
And not to feel oppress'd.
Go teach them how, in Mexico,
To treat a valiant chief;
Avenge the loss of gallant *Cross*,

Assauge his country's grief;
That they *shall* find no lordling's slave,
To crouch at tyrant's feet,
But sooner fill a *Patriot's grave*,
Or *servile tyrant's beat.*"
Now lo—he sleeps the sleep of peace,
Where *holy* banners fly,
Where balmy zephyrs never cease
To fan *that flag on high*,
That flag of stars and stripes that shine
Transcendently *above*,
That's borne aloft by hands divine
Where all is *peace and love.*
That flag of twinkling stars that beam
Resplendently on high,
That's borne aloft alone by him
Whose Patriots *never die.*
Go envied chieftain, go in peace,
Go where glories never cease,
Go where laurels never fade,
Where beckoning legions stand array'd,
To greet the gallant and the brave,
Who die their country's rights to save.

PARODY ON CAMPBELL'S "Battle of the Baltic."

Of Taylor and the South
Sing the glorious day's exploits,
When to battle went he forth—
Proud defender of his rights—
And his arms along the line proudly shone;

By each gun his warriors held—
Every danger was dispell'd
When this Hero of the field
Led them on.

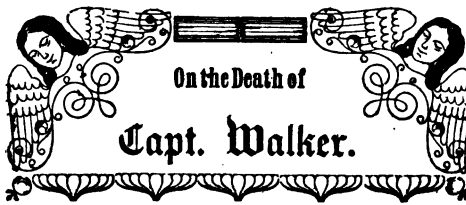
Like cannibals arrayed,
Lay the haughty foe in line,
And their tramping chargers neigh'd
To hear the countersign;
"Go ahead, the day is mine;"
As they rested on their post,
Now e'er the day was lost
To that mighty warring host,
For a time.

But the might of freedom's arm,
Spreading terror and dismay—
When they saw the impending storm,
On that evenful day,
Borne along by gallant MAY,
And Ridgely drew the fire
Of their guns by his desire,
Then opposed their deadly ire—
We can say.

"Again, again, again,"
And the battle did not cease
Till the conquer'd Mexican
Was heard to sue for peace,
And La Vega stood alone at his gun
Then ceas'd and all was still
As they flew from hill to hill,
Or swam the Bravo's rill,
In consternation pale.

Moving on,
Outspoke our Hero now
As he cheer'd the wounded foe,

"We would have you this to know,
It is life instead of death we would bring,
But yield proud foe ye must,
Or ye shall bite the dust—
At freedom's shrine, we trust,
We shall sing."
Then their wounded bless'd our chief
As they, mangled—bleeding, lay,
When he proffer'd kind relief,
In that disastrous day;
For their chief had fled away,
While sulphurous clouds of smoke
This carnage-field bespoke,
As they groan'd beneath the stroke
Of the day.
Now joy, Columbia raise,
"For the tidings of thy might,"
In the two auspicious days,
That shone so fair and bright;
And yet amid the joy and glee,
Let's think of them that fell,
And chaunt their funeral knell,
And never cease to tell
Who they be.
Brave hearts to Freedom's pride,
So fill'd with true renown,
On the field of fame that died
With the gallant Major Brown.
Soft tread the foot of freemen on their grave,
While the "Bravo" mournful rolls,
And the panther's howl condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave.



Weep on my country—wail thy loss,
  Thy gallant chief is slain,
For Walker lies a lifeless corse
  Beside the fallen Mexican.
He left his home for hostile lands
  To avenge his country's wrongs,
To war with wild guerilla bands—
  Disperse their savage throngs,
Undaunted on his forces led,
  Of gallant men and steeds,
To fields where many a hero bled—
  Where many a hero bleeds!
Whose heart's-blood oozing from the limb*
  That finds a distant grave,
Torn from the side, alas! of him
  Whose deeds were true and brave.
This bold intrepid Chieftain bore
  The stars and stripes aloft—
He wore the helmet Taylor wore
  Triumphantly—and oft
His name was terror to the foe,
  His deeds were true and brave!
Alas! he felt the *lancér's* blow—
  Now fills a soldier's grave!
In desperate conflict with the son

*Men who lost their limbs in battle.

Who fell beneath his fire;
He drew the father's vengeance down,
And felt that father's ire!
Who fearless, frantic, frenzied drew,
In that delirious hour,
The deadly *lance* the father threw
With such unerring power;
Then shrieked aloud "My work is done,
"My task is now fulfilled,
"Veng'd is the fate of my fallen son,
Whose blood my victim spill'd."
Returning then to Walker's name
That fills a patriot's page;
Inscrib'd on golden tablets, claim
The honors of his age;
Where laurels twine in clusters round
His calm and dauntless brow,
Whose equals few—if one be found
To vie with Walker now.

LINES ON WATSON.

Proud sons of that city, where monuments rise
And vie with the stars that illumine the skies,
And brightness and glory unceasingly shed—
List ye, while I sing of your glorious dead.
Brave Watson has added one more to the scroll
Of the martyrs of modern renown,
Who swore by their homes they would conquer or fall
In defence of their land—and your own.
He led on your legions in battle array,

With helmet and sabre in hand,
And scal'd the strong ramparts of *old Monterey*,
So fam'd in the Mexican land.
His bosom he bared to the glorious strife,
And his vow it ascended on high;
To stand in the cause that is dearer than life,
Or crushed in the conflict, to *die*.
'Tis the cause we hold *sacred* was laid to his trust,
The *honor* and *flag* of the brave;
Should tyrants encroach on the rights of the just
He battled those honors to save.
On Columbia's fair soil should no *spoiler abide*
Profaning your *sacred domain*,
Nor *Mexican foe* nor *usurpur* preside,
Were his pledges again—and again.
Shall tyrants then prowl o'er this land of the free
When his head is laid low 'neath the sod?
No! patriots arise, and let their blood be
An offering to freedom and *God*.

ADDITIONAL

ON THE DAY OF HIS INTERMENT IN BALTIMORE.

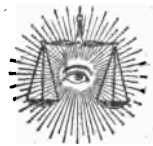
Unfurl then your banners that silently sleep
In sadness, and sorrow, and gloom;
Repair to the scene where each patriot must weep
O'er the heroic warrior's tomb.
Unmuffle your drums—let your anthems arise
To the honor of Watson the brave—
Let paeans so grateful ascend to the skies
While freemen encircle his grave.

TO MRS. PAGE,

Widow of Capt. P., who died of wounds received in Mexico.

O! lady, did'st thou wander on
To distant climes beneath the sun,
To sooth the anguish, 'suage the grief
Of gallant Page, thy wounded chief?
Thy dying hero to caress,
And tender comforts in distress?
To make his dying pillow smooth—
His last and lingering moments sooth?
To be to him his earthly stay
In waning life and dark dismay!
Dispense to him the healing balm,
And every troubled billow calm?
In sickness and in health pursue
The plighted vow once made by you,
To cherish, love and honor give
"So long as each or both shall live?"
'Twas thine to bind the broken heart,
Dispel the gloom—new joys impart;
To strew his path with fragrant flowers;
To cheer his last and drooping hours,
To smooth his passage to the grave,
Where sleeps, alas, thy warrior brave;
And his to wear those laurels now
Entwined around his manly brow,
When time's no more will then appear
As bright as those that angels wear.

And is there then a heart of steel,
A human soul, that does not feel
The pangs that rend thy troubled breast,
With cares and sorrows so oppress'd?
O, no, there lives no human soul
In the wide expanse—from pole to pole
Who would not dash thy cup of grief
With pity—and extend relief!
A sympathising people stand,
Unnumber'd as the countless sand
To heave the sigh, to drop the tear
Upon thine hero's honored bier.
Then, lady, when thy sand is run,
And thou again shall wander on,
To seek thy gallant warrior brave,
Beyond the dark and silent grave,
O, may a holier light be given
Refulgent as the orbs of heaven,
To illume thy path, point out the way,
To thee in that eternal day,
Where disappointments, cares and strife
Disturb no more thy sainted life.

Lines in  Reference

To the improper influences exercised over the present Executive by the "**Court-House Clique**" in Baltimore City, and the undue exercise of pecuniary means by the same gentry to carry all important elections. Written at the time of Gov. P. F THOMAS's canvass.

Hail to the star that shall rise in the East
  Resplendent in glory, in honor and fame,
And hail to the day when the worn and oppress'd
  Like freemen unfetter'd, be heard to exclaim:
'Twas the land of our fathers—*O magical word!*—
  When the franchise of freedom was pure,
Now the *death-knell* of liberty's unceasingly heard,
  And her blessings, alas! are no more!
It comes like the blight of the *sirocco blast*,
  That sears the green foliage around,
'Tis known by its sky with its clouds overcast,
  And its foliage bestrewing the ground.
Despise the foul lucre that sweeps o'er the land,
  Like the breath of the *upas* so fell,
Dispens'd by the vile and unprincipled hand
  Where the foes of your liberties dwell.
All hail to the star portending a promise
  To down with the party misruled by a "clique,"
That omens the epoch that brings us a THOMAS
  Their castles to storm and their fortress to shake,
That "Clique of the Court House" that hangs on
    your skirt,
  Absorbing the best of your means,

Like the leach that would drain the last drop from
the heart
And curdle the blood in your veins.
Then hail to the day when freemen shall boast
Of a leader whose virtue will ever sustain them—
A people now trammell'd—to principles lost—
Unless in their strength they shall rise and main-
tain them.
Then arouse, fellow-freemen, and shake off the yoke
Forg'd alone for the vassal and slave,
Rehearse the proud sentence your grandsires spoke,
"Success to the honest and brave."

Composed a short time before the election of JAMES K. POLK, as President of the United States.

Hail to the banner so gallantly streaming
Above the tall hickory, the emblem of truth!
Behold the proud eagle exultingly screaming,
Aloud to the world, to the aged and youth,
That the day is approaching when freemen shall find
That they have the right, and that they have the
power
Their shackles to loosen, themselves to unbind,
And dispel the dark clouds that so fearfully lower.
Behold the old HERO so feebly reclining, (*Jackson,*)

Yet cheer'd by the prospect of certain success;
The young ones around him are closely entwining,
Their rights to maintain, their wrongs to redress.
View the old veteran now stricken in years,
So calmly awaiting the coming event;
Whilst others are shaken by day-dreams and fears
With him it is nothing but real content.
Then hail to Young Hickory, the twig of the south,
Whose name is untarnished in every degree,
Resplendent in virtue, transcendent in worth,
A sapling, a sprout of the Old Hick'ry tree,
Hail to the day when the nation shall boast
Of a leader, whose virtue will ever sustain it,
A people now trammell'd, a country now lost
Unless ye proud freemen stand forth and regain it.
And the lone star of Texas is wending its way
Through the clouds of oppression, of darkness and shame,
To lend unto patriots a glimmering ray
To light them to glory, to honor and fame.

Carrier's Address *for January* 1, 1847.

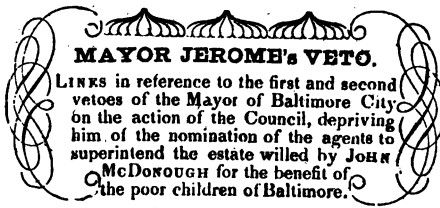
Now readers all—both great and small,
Who get your papers brought,
Do lend an ear and you shall hear
The news of every sort.
We'll give ye the news ye can't refuse
To read, if ye have time,
Then list awhile, my honest chiel.
Unto this simple rhyme.

"For lairds and kings I dinna mourn—
"E'en let them die—for that they're born;
"But oh, prodigious to reflect,
"A *towmo unt*, sirs, is gone to wreck."
O, forty-six, in thy sma' space
What dire events ha'e taken place;
Of what enjoyments thou hast reft us,
In what a pickle thou has left us:
The Texas State has been annex'd,
And Mexico is much perplex'd,
For Texas now has got a head
And she has nothing more to dread;
But have we nothing more to fear
Within the coming frightful year?
No wars to battle—foes to fight,
For liberty—when we are right?
'Tween Parades and our Polk,
This matter will not end in smoke;
There's mischief brewing in the land,
And wars and woes on every hand,
An injur'd nation seeks redress;
She asks no more—will take no less;
Her honor calls—that call must be obey'd
When hearts so true, so stout, yet undismay'd
Stand by her flag of stripes and stars—
Display the hemlet, worn by Mars,
That God that bore the warrior's shield
In triumph on the battle-field.
And once this conquest shall attain,
And vanquish every Mexican,
'Tis homeward then these vet'rans turn.
And let admiring nations learn
There is no fortress, town, or tower,
That shall not yield to freedom's power.
Then Taylor, freedom's fearless son

Who had such holy valor won,
Shall plant Columbia's standard on
The hill top and the mountain-rock
That caps the wild, meandering brook
That warbles by some silent grave
Where sleeps—alas! some warrior brave—
That winds among the hills and dale
Where freedom's cause must hence prevail.
He'll plant his standard in that land
Where ruthless Tyrants held command,
And tell to countless thousands then
What hath been done for injured man.
He'll gang abaft the Rocky Mountains,
There quaff the cool and limpid fountains,
Where snugly placed behind that barrier,
May hence be found thine humble carrier,
Not asking thee for help or alms,
Defraying of his country's claims—
Not trembling at a patron's door,
Surcharged with this insipid lore—
Not knocking there for help or aid,
Against his country's foes array'd—
Where found in simple plain attire,
Much less may ask—not more require
To answer all his simple ends
Now sought of thee my reading friends.
A lad am I of obscure birth,
But hope by pure intrinsic worth
To win the name that Franklin had,
For he was but a printer lad;
Was but a poor and hapless youth,
Whose motto was "*good sense and truth*;"
Who did in kingly courts prevail;
Their crowns and empires did assail,

And make their kings and princes quail
Who, when his country wanted aid,
Such truth and wisdom were display'd
In council and in state, 'tis said,
That kings and lords were seen to quake,
Their thrones and sceptres known to shake
Beneath his code of common sense,
The surest—safest—best defence.
Then why not I, a beardless boy,
Such laurels win—such means employ
As did the subject of my theme?
If these my hopes—then who cou'd blame
The aspirations of a youth,
Who'd seek to rise by dint of truth,
To be this useful man in time?
Then pardon all this selfish rhyme,
And still less selfish—think ye yet,
When hinting for a little "grit"
To purchase paper, pen and ink,
That we might scribble what we think;
And thus it might in days to come,
Do lots of good but little harm,
To see thine humble carrier's name
Emblazon'd on the scroll of fame;
On freedom's brightest golden page,
At some remote enlighten'd age.
Now let me ask your plain excuse,
While forty-seven I introduce
Into your notice this cold mornin',
The very day that he was born in,
Thou forty-seven, thou'rt but a child,
On whom thy dying daddy smil'd;
Thou beardless boy, I pray, tak' care,
Thou now hast got thy daddy's chair;

No trammell'd, muzzl'd, shackl'd regent,
But like himself a full free agent;
Be sure to carry out the plan,
No worse than he did, honest man,
As muckle better as ye can.



MAYOR JEROME'S VETO.

LINES in reference to the first and second vetoes of the Mayor of Baltimore City on the action of the Council, depriving him of the nomination of the agents to superintend the estate willed by JOHN McDONOUGH for the benefit of the poor children of Baltimore.

BEHOLD another veto's come
Fresh from the mint of "John Jerome,"
Who stands like Jackson, doubly nerved
Upon his veto-rights reserv'd.
Nay not unlike that chieftain did,
When arm'd with all his veto means
A host against the foes arrayed
Of Baltimore and New Orleans.
And when ye tell that learned Mayor
That he can't name ye'r agents here,
He ll tell ye some delusive spell
Hangs on ye'r morbid vision still.
The will itself that gives the power
To the Mayor and City Council then,
Would stand the test at that last hour
That tries the hearts of honest men.
For scripture tells us, when divided
That household brothers ne'er could stand,
Then let us all be "firm united"
To rescue this disputed land.

Nor should he ever cease to claim
The right to make the nomination,
Himself the lawful agents name
On this momentous—great occasion.
To make a will—he holds it still,
The law is very clear,
One must possess a consciousness
Of what is passing here,
For Jerome says—and him I'll praise,
Oracular and learn'd,
That when ye shall revoke a will
Some flaw must be discerned.
He cites again, and does sustain
By authors wise and good,
And what he says in modern days
The test hath firmly stood.
Lord Northington hath clearly shewn
By testamentary law,
"That every will is valid still,
Unless there be a flaw."
Lord Loughborough's name of ancient fame,
Is quoted next to show
Where the true intent—and *will* is meant
There is no legal flaw.
For a fool can't write—and I'll indite
Another case at bar,
Where an idiot's will can't stand at all,
And this is "common law."
Tho' *Swinburne's Laws*—for little cause
Have been so far rejected,
But if ye'd look into his book,
Ye'd find ye'r cause protected.
Lord Wilmot too, doth plainly shew
The *code* that firmly stands

When legal acts—and stubborn facts
Involve your house and lands.
McDonough thought—and so he wrote,
That Orleans and Baltimore
Should by *his will*, inherit all
He had for them in store.
He was a man—aye, sound and sane,
Who wrote his dying will,
He was a man, and who should scan
The course he meant to fill.
The dying wishes of a *saint*
Who wrote what *God hath said*
"That children never hence shall want
For my paternal aid.
Let little children come to me,
Nor once forbid them not,
And I will set their spirits free,
O what a holy thought?"
His wealth was proffer'd to the poor,
His drivelling sand had run,
The glass of time held out no more;
He saw his setting sun.
'Twas then he smil'd on this last deed
Of infant care and *love*,
'Twas then his holy spirit fled
To join *the courts above*.
Adieu thou kind and generous one,
Thy days are number'd now,
Thy race on earth—alas, is run,
Thine aged form laid low.
Though death lays low this earthly corse,
And breaks down worldly ties,
There is a never fading source
From which sweet comforts rise.

'Tis that unebbing flood of bliss
That kindred hearts enjoin,
Where true *paternal friendship is*,
Such Christian love was thine.
Departed shade, once more adieu,
Thine image hence shall rise
Unsullied as the morning dew
Beneath the cloudless skies.
For lo thou sleep'st the sleep of peace
Where holy banners fly,
Where balmy zephyrs never cease
To fan that flag on high.
That flag of twinkling stars that beam
Transcendently around,
That's borne aloft alone *by him*
On consecrated ground.
Go righteous *donor* go in peace,
Go where glories never cease,
Go where laurels never fade,
Where beckoning legions stand arrayed
To greet the righteous and the just,
Who place in God their endless trust."

DIGNITY

IN HIGH PLACES,

A STRIK-*ing* ESSAY.

DESCRIPTION of a difficulty that occurred between a modern Lawyer and a State Printer, who had an account to settle through the Governor of the State, which led them to the Council Chamber on a frosty winter's evening; whilst there, however, and dissatisfied with each others' plan of settlement, they got from high words to heavy blows, and unmindful of the Governor's presence and the great defference at all times due to dignitaries of his exalted condition, they hastily concluded to settle the matter after the fashionable plan of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and the battle raging with such awful fury, it afterwards required the combined efforts of his Excellency in person, the Secretary of State, and old Adam Miller, the Messenger, to allay their fury and restore order. And it was also rumored that in the Governor's active exertions to tranquilize the parties, he had suffered a slight contusion of the olfactory organ which caused the effusion of much of the best blood of the nation. This afterwards became a Court matter, but the belligerents falling into a good humor with each other before the time of accountability arrived, were treated with great humanity on the part of the municipal authorities, and thus ended so grave a matter, much to the satisfaction of all concerned.

As Index Jack and Typo Bill,
  That unco drouthy pair
Were toddling forth upon the hill
  To snuff the frosty air,
By some unlooked for circumstance
  These cronies lost their way,
And found themselves by sad mischance
Where *dignitaries* stay.

By instinct taught and nature's rule,
Inseparably they sped
Their footsteps to the Governor's hall,
By faithful instinct led;
Where rumors say a contest rose
Between this drouthy species,
From words they quickly came to blows
About some loaves and fishes.
And more the shame—the Governor by
Did not appease their ire,
Jack told the *Typo* he could lie,
Type said he was a liar.
Jack charged him with deceit and fraud,
Bill warn'd him take it back,
He swore he'd not "by the living Lord
While his first name was Jack."
The fight begins—the contest on,
Jack wi' Bill now closes,
"The battle rages loud and long,"
They part wi' bloody noses.
The Governor now is seen to rise
To quell these deadly foes,
But 'tis said, *his* olfactories
Had suffered in the cause,
The blood it streamed from every pore
So horrible and awful,
The loathsome sight of human gore,
"To name it is unlawful."
Old Adam then is call'd to aid
The Governor and the State,
But he, alas, 'tis also said
Had met an awful fate.
He vow'd his Eden never had
Been so disturb'd before,

The devil and his imp arrayed
Themselves within his door,
To tempt him with forbidden sin
In that unholy hour
That found the *tempter*—Satan in
His calm and peaceful bower.
" In this sad hour old Adam fell,
" And at his fall rose shouts from hell—
" Thou sky-thron'd Adam from above
" Knew naught but pure unconscious love
" Beneath the azure sky—whose sun
" Smiles on each deed by mortals done.
" Alas thou now art doom'd to gaze
" Upon a world so dark and fell,
" That thy most pure and radiant rays
" Reveal man's life a loathsome hell."
Now last not least of all engaged
To stay this deadly riot,
Appease the parties thus enraged,
And get this garden quiet,
Was a brawny, stout, and stalwart lad,
Who rose to points of order,
To "clar the kitchen" as 'tis said,
Allay this sad disorder.
When William first was seen to quail
In his Herculean gripe,
With wind and tide *baith* in his tail
Away went drothy Type, (*a regular out of doors,*)
Loud brawling out, "Sir, let me go!"
And still sir Bill is crying,
And the more he cried "I'm not a foe,"
" Like *lam's tails* went he flying."
Whence many a soul was lately hurl'd
Athwart these righteous portals,

Upon the cold and friendless world,
To shift wi' unco mortals,
To join these dull old gin-horse tribes
That take their daily turns
Like "Mundell's mule" sae weel describ'd
By faithful Robert Burns.

Professor Webster's Lament,

Under the gallows, about to be executed for the murder of Dr. GEORGE PARKMAN in Boston, Friday August 30th 1850.

BEHOLD the man who'd ask ye view,
His crimes more lightly—ask forgiveness too;
But, blackest picture in the book of fate,
He asks too much—and asks so much too late.
Darkest picture in the book of time,
He falls a victim to his heartless crime,
And leaves a wife and children to lament,
Their father's fate, whose time was thus misspent.
Denied of mercy, lost to every hope,
He falls a victim to the hangman's rope,
Denied a pardon—lost to mercy's laws—
He's doom'd to die in this unholy cause;
Is doom'd to tread on nothing but the wind,

And leave the world an odious name behind;
Is doom'd awhile to stand in sad suspense,
Then called to expiate his foul offence.
By this fell deed his offspring hence shall go
Cloth'd in the sad habiliments of woe;
Unshelter'd, onward, hence without a prop,
A hapless, hopeless, unprotected group,
'*Depriv'd alas of heaven's immortal hope.*"
By the swelling throng uncumbered as the sand,
Now clustering thick around the gallows stand,
The Sheriff's prompt and yet pathetic word,
Amid the rustling crowd is faintly heard;
To him address'd, on whom all eyes were staid
In righteous fervor thus the Sheriff prayed;
"Degraded man and may thy spirit fly,
E'er long to meet thy Savior Christ on high,
And there with saints in endless glory stand,
Around the throne of God, by his command—
Whose pardon then would be thy sure reprieve,
Where sinful man could tender no relief;
May God have mercy on thy wretched fate,
And save thy soul now e'er it be too late."
Poor Webster then in solemn sadness rose,
And said "there was a tale of woe he could in truth disclose,
It was to warn the reckless and the wayward youth
By a lesson sad, yet too replete with truth;
And crav'd that he at this momentous time
Admission gain to tell his tragic tale in rhyme."
The Sheriff no less now relenting, as before,
Cou'd do no less his duty warn'd him do no more,
For duty calls, that call must be obeyed,
With solemn looks the scene once more surveyed,
Then turning round as if by "*cantrep slight*"

Saw at a glance that all that was, was right
Then bade poor *Webster* with his tragic dirge proceed
And tell the horrors of this heartless bloody deed;
Webster now o'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear
Admonish'd all to lend a listening ear
And hence to learn how he it was that fell
The guilty dupe of false delusive pride,
The startling tale that he alone could tell,
And shun the ignominious death he died
Whilst he bourn down with grief and sad dismay,
His frightful song should sing in doleful lay—
And then in faltering tones was heard to tell
That tale that he alas, but knew too well.
He said the fatal hour is come,
That bears my soul away,
That seals my everlasting doom,
On this eventful day.
The clock hath toll'd its latest hour,
That time for me can tell;
I stand upon the gallows floor,
I mark each moment well.
My soul it shrinks within its frame,
I see the *latent tear*,
No earthly pardon yet I claim,
There is no respite near.
No stranger in my native land,
Old friends around me sigh,
Who fain would cheer me on this stand,
Where Webster soon must die!
A tremor thrills thro' every part,
I feel the death-like pains,
The crimson stream that clots this heart,
Refuse to feed its veins.
How reckless and depraved was I

In this enlighten'd land,
To do the deed for which I die
Now on the gallows stand.
This torpid soul that once was strung
Full high to joy and gladness
When I was thoughtless, gay and young,
Now wrap'd in guilt and sadness.
The Sheriff stands to twine the rope,
Around this fated neck,
Depriv'd of "Heaven's immortal hope;"
"See how I reel and shake."
My worldy friends bethought we then,
So soon so sad be found;
Thy woful guilty fellow-man,
In iron fetters bound,
Awaiting here in sad suspense,
A just impending fate,
To expiate his foul offence,
Now e'er it be too late.
To carry out the word of God,
Where 'tis divinely said,
That man who sheds his brother's blood,
By man shall his be shed.
The morning past, 'tis wearing late
Mine hour is come to die,
God grant you all a holier fate
My worldly friends—good bye."

FOR

Richard Turner,

Who had imposed upon him by Anne Arundel County Court the hard sentence of seven years confinement in the common Jail of the County for some alleged misdemeanor. This was a case removed from Baltimore City. From his cell in the jail he had a fair prospect of the Public Grave Yard.

Consign'd to this prison poor child of affliction,
The life crimson streams how languid and still,
As my soul in its sadness gives way to reflection,
When I ponder and gaze on yon grave-dotted hill.

Consign'd to this house by the hand of oppression,
Condemn'd here to languish for seven long years,
No father, no mother, no wife, no relation
Near by me to wipe off the fast-falling tears.

How hard is my fate when I come to compare it
With the menial that silently glides in my sight,
With liberty blest—oh could I but share it,
How bright were my day—how tranquil my night.

Oh never again shall I live to survive it,
That long distant day that bespeaks my sad doom,
That day in the prospect, O shall I outlive it
And return once again to my friends and my home.

Thou friends of my childhood, to *me* so endeared
By the ties of affection parental and kind,
Thy worth it is foremost, thy names be revered,
While love and esteem hold a place in the mind.

None love thee so well as thy son far away,
None bless thee more oft than the bard of this lay,"
Thou wife of my bosom—those dear tender ties
How oft do I dwell on thine unfading charms,
How often recall'd by the thoughts that arise
To the tender embrace of a fond father's arms.

Then again when awoke from this bright reverie
That reign'd o'er my soul in a transport of bliss,
Such blessings how faithless—how rapid they flee,
And I linger again in this desolate place.

"Oh cruel fate will thou never replace me
In a mansion of peace where no perils can chase me,'
Where friendship imparts not a kind soothing word;
"Or never again shall my children embrace me,"
And the wife of my bosom so fondly ador'

Tho' exiled from thee and the rest of thy race,
And lingering live for this long tedious space,
My returning dear friends would I ever embrace
While friendship and love in this heart hold a place.

Bear, OR Buckeye Blacksmith.

Written in 1845, on the Buckeye Blacksmith, or the great political expounder in the Harrison contest of 1840. He was afterwards at Annapolis trying his skill in daguerreotypes and temperance lecturing, to the tune of some four or five hundred dollars, of which he found the citizens of that place minus when he left them.

We have with us that noted *Bear*,
Now strolling here then prowling there
To catch the form and paint the faces,
Some in rags and some in laces
Of a set of deluded poor asses,
Upon whose *plack* he gets a gripe
By his fam'd daguerreotype,
Who like in forty, lend an ear
To all he says or they can hear,
To lead them into rows and mobs
By throwing out his empty tubs,
Then deprecates the use of ale
And thinks thereby to catch a whale.
This prowling growling beast hath come
To deprecate the use of rum,
Hath travelled on to our town
To put the use of whiskey down;
When Solomon said, this is the juice
Intended for the Christian's use.

Ha hath travelled on to this good place
To rectify the human race,
Dispel the use of ale and beer
And substitute cold water here,
Reform the drunkard at his will
And send the grog shops all to hell,
Reclaim the old, instruct the young
In accents bold with syren tongue,
To raise their voice, lift high their hand
Against the traffic in ye'r land;
Point to the rock on which ye split
Sad source of shame—remorse—regret.
To all whose woe-benighted barque
Hath ventur'd on this gulf so dark,
Hath ventur'd on this stormy wave
To find too soon a drunkard's grave—
To find too soon a life misspent,
To virtue lost, to folly lent,
To vice a dupe, to falsehood given,
And more than all—the curse of heaven.

PARODY.

PARODY on ALEXANDER SELKIRK, cast upon the Island of San Juan, applied to a worthy old gentlemen keeper of Thomas's point Light-house by the name of HEBE—with one leg at the least calculation above ten inches longer than the other, and although he was extremely active in his movements, his motion was as a matter of course, perpendicularly pendulous.

I'M master of all I can see,
There's none to encroach on my wish,
From the creeks all around to the bay,
I own all the ducks and the fish.

The oysters afford me supplies
  Unequall'd by any that be,
In the waters that ebb and that rise
  In the Chesapeake bay or the sea.

On this desolate Island I am,
  In the daily receipt of good pay
From the bounty of old uncle Sam,
  A *shiner* I get every day.

Three hundred and more I receive
  In quarterly payments around,
Then who in my *breeches* would grieve,
  Although I go *John up and down.*

The fuel comes drifting along
  And stops on this sea-beaten beach,
Then the tide getting out from among
  Has left it all full in my reach.

Then to saving this booty we go
  With my little old tacky and cart,
And the way that we *move it*—you know
  Is a caution to science and art.

Solitude is my doom you would say,
  But how can you make it appear
When the vessels all out in the bay
  Pass by up and down all the year.

I dwell in humanity's reach,
  Ten miles from the Parson in town,
Yet I always can know when they preach
  Although I go John *up and down.*

For the bells as they merrily chime,
So full within shot of my ear,
Give note of the moment of time
When the parson goes down to his prayer.

For the sound it is borne on the breeze
So sweet and distinctly along,
And is wafted along o'er the trees
Like the notes of a musical gong.

The sheep as they browse on the shore
Afford me uncommon relief,
When I find that we all are secure
From the horrors of famine and grief.

Starvation I cannot abide,
Nor ominous dreams in my sleep,
Then who would not take off the hide
Of one of these timorous sheep.

For the Lord in his goodness hath said—
"All the beasts of the fields are for thee,
And the birds of the air that were made,
Likewise all the fish of the sea."

Besides all these blessings we have,
There's a little good rackin to do,
From the vessels that's stranded we save
All the duds that belong to the *crew*.

Consisting of very good *caps*,*
That fly from their heads in the storm,

*A box of caps found on the beach.

We get from these water togged chaps
  And think we're doing no harm.

Unlike the poor children of Erin
  Who wail for the want of their food,
We feed on the best of fresh herrin',
  And think them uncommonly good.

They come in great shoals in the spring,
  By hundreds of thousands and more,
And I hold it a mighty great thing
  To live on the sea-beaten shore.

Besides what is here put in verse,
  I take a small drop of the crat ur,
Which makes me none bit o' the worse
  But acts as a prop to my natur.

Then who my conclusion would blame
  To stay on this desolate Isle
In the sarvice of old Uncle Sam,
  So free from all trouble and toil?

*A fisherpon the beach.

On Jos. E. Merrikin &c.

A night after the battle of *Huamantla* when Jos. E. Merrikin, who had fallen in deadly conflict with his country's enemy, was sought by a friend among the dead and wounded, but whose lacerated form lay on the carnage field a cold and lifeless corse.

The appalling din of battle's past
When the boldest held his breath,
The night had o'er his mantle cast
And all was still as death.

At this lone hour my footsteps hied
Out on the fated field,
Where Merrikin the brave had died,
Who ne'er was known to yield.

A silence broods around the scene
At this lone hour of night,
Where none but brave and honest men
Fell in the glorious fight.

A youthful hero's lifeless form
Lay on the crimson sod,
His barque had rode the fearful storm,
His soul had join'd its God.

He bravely fought—aye, side by side
With gallant Walker when
That gallant chief in all his pride
Was proud of gallant men.

This might one pulse of joy disclose,
Tho' numbered with the dead,
To know our youthful hero goes
With laurels overspread.

Laurels such as veterans wore,
In days that tried the heart
Of *olden men* in days of *yore*
Who play'd so brave a part.

In vain I sought the last command
That *Joseph* had to give,
To bear it to his native land
But alas—he does not live.

No passing zephyr bears the sound,
No word from him conveyed.
No *wounded warrior 's on the ground*,
He's numbered with the dead.

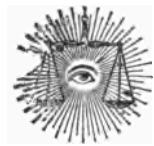
Gubernatorial Nomination
In the City of Baltimore.

LINES in reference to the contest between John S. Gittings and E. L. Lowe for the Gubernatorial nomination in Baltimore City, where it was understood that the former had dispensed thousands of dollars to attain his object, yet the latter of these two gentlemen received by overwhelming majorities in primary meetings, eighteen wards in the City out of twenty, evidently shewing that the people are still honest enough to adhere to the 54th section of our Bill of Rights, which provides that no man shall give or receive *bribes*. (*So here we go.*)

PROUD sons of our city whose monuments stand
Proclaiming to freemen the pride of ye'r land,

Where ye'r grand-sires stood in defence of the cause
That gives to the nation its justice and laws,
All hail to the star that shall rise in the WEST,
With honor, and glory, and liberty blest,
And the good honest freeman shall take up the train,
Recounting the steps of their father's again,
When the *dim star of mammon* is GETTING so LOWE,
His coppers will canker wherever they go,
In its orbit so transient eclips'd in the day,
By this *son* of the west on his diurnal way,
When this *dog-star* is waning obscured by its ray.
Then hail to the day when the people shall frown
These gloated old suckers—*the bank jobbers* down,
And not get your leaders then sneeringly told
By the whigs, that your party blow hot and blow cold,*
That the spirit of Jackson once more shall arouse,
Re-asserting to freemen the *truth of their cause*
That the voice of the nation *'gainst banks shall arise*,
And anthems again re-ascend to the skies—
Proclaiming that freemen shall ever remain
Unbound by the ties of this *silvery-chain*.
Then onward as ever nor let us be told
That the friends of your party are *working for gold*,
Let the man ye select as your good *nominee*,
Like the four winds of heaven untrammell'd and free
From bondage to bankers forever then be.
That the man of your choice shall merit ye'r thanks,
Fulfil all your ends in despite of the banks,
Then adopt the old maxim, and lay down the plan
By which to secure the *available man*;
Then townsmen as onward ye eagerly go,
Raise a shout for the cause of the *people* and LOWE.

* For and against banks.



An Appeal to the Mayor and Council of Baltimore city by the Forty Sunday Policemen, to raise their compensation; wherein it only stands at the moderate sum of $50 per annum for violating that sacred commandment—"*Thou shalt keep holy the Sabbath day.*"

Ye learned Councilmen and Mayors
That represent these twenty shires, (wards,)
And wisely manage all affairs
In Baltimore—
Receive a Sunday baliff's prayers
To help the poor.
Ye who ha'e the chief direction
Of us ye find in great affliction, .
Whose yearly pay—that *curs'd restriction*
Of fifty dollars down—
Do let me move your strong conviction
To raise it soon.
Stand up and tell the moving powers (*the people,*)
The poverty and want that lowers,
At the threshold of the *breadless doors*
Of a group so humble—
Who sweat and bleed at all their pores
Nor dare to grumble.
Does any lordling look so grim
Or wrothish at my story seem?
Then let us put the case to him
In numbers strong—

And ask if any power could claim
His labors long.
Then what that is ye'd have another
To do to thee an earthly brother,
Who live in gospel times together,
Do thus to him—
That mortals have one common Father
Would righteous see m.
And this you'll find in Matthew seven
Where so much gospel law is given,
When the sinner's faith 's so clearly proven
By that high power—
This is his only chart to heaven
In that great hour.
In gathering votes we are not slow,
Then take a thought as on we go
What shall be done for Lewis Lowe
And Mabr'y Turner?
For these bully whigs we'll shortly throw
Up in the corner.

And the rowdies all they cock their nose,
And say how dare you e'er propose
Your Sunday office to disclose
To Rheubenites.

And then they'll scoff and turn their back,
And tell us all to clear the track
Because we get so little *plack*, (*silver*,)
For quelling fights.

Kind sirs to thee we thus appeal,
And hope to move thine hearts of steel
By sympathetic jerks to feel,
The pangs that rend our troubled breast
With cares and troubles so oppressed,

Where wives and *bairns* stand all unblest (*children*)
Full face to face—
We are alas the forty thieves (*stealing the sabbath,*)
Who'd tell to thee our startling griefs.
And beg thy generous kind reliefs
In such a case.

IMPORTANT LANDLORDS.

WONDER if that landlord who owns so many fine tenements in *C***y street* not a hundred doors east from "*L***e G***n,*" expects to rent them out again, until he resorts to some means to cleanse them from the besetting vermin that abound within their walls, beginning in the basement with the snail, and so on to the attic; each story profusely representing that description of *insect* as from its altitudinal proportions was most congenial to their respective growth and productiveness, ending with the musquitoes that seems to hold unlimited sway over the whole establishment?

SIR, as your mandate did propose
I now will quit ye'r loathsome house,
Where roaches, snails and bedbugs meet
And turn your tenants in the street,
As soon as 'tis fairly dark, sir.
And next to them's the ranting flea
To join this insect jubilee,
With the nasty, filthy, dirty louse*
That besets your damp unwholesome house,
And join them in the work, sir.

* Wood louse in the damp cellar.

In the basement first we find the snail
Marked by his nocturnal trail,
That travels out the livelong night
But as soon's 'tis day he shuns the light,
With his horns so long, sir.
And next in order comes the roaches
That fly when human foot approaches,
To hide in every crack and crevise
And hasten off in crowds to leave us,
All in a *mighty* gang, sir.
And further up you'll find the chintzes
That took my life by single inches,
And known by night as B****m says,
Much better by the stench they raise,
When squeez'd a little hard, sir.
And in the same unsightly chamber
Tho' absent I shall hence remember
The skipping, skelping, rattling fleas
That took my life, aye, piece by piece,
Upon my honest word, sir.
And next in turn 's that light musician
On aeril wing in this location,
With music fine he comes to greet us
With proboscis sharp to prick and bleed us,
Unesculapeous like, sir.
For as he bleeds he drinks the blood
And quaffs awhile this tepid flood,
Tho' never stops to tie or pin,
But in a transient's off again
With his crimson sack so red, sir.
And last not least we now shall end
With *old gray-cot the tailor's friend*,
And tell ye how this spratling l—se

Besets y'er damn'd old cholera-house,
And bites the children's head, sirs.
These fleas and bed-bugs thro' the day
In cracks and corners closely lay,
But in the night they git together
Despite of fire and wind and weather,
And breed the mongrel louse, sirs.
Yet paramount to all this evil
Is one that beats old nick the devil,
That's on my pavement always seen
Peeping and peering *frae* morn till e'en,
As sly as any snail, sirs.
I would sooner have the *coffin* itch,
I would sooner hear a cobler preach,
I would sooner have what's named before
All gathered at my basement door,
Than a hog without a tail sirs.
Talk not of roaches, bugs and fleas,
Of snails and chintzes if you please,
Nor all the vermin tribes that pester,
There's plagues on plagues that never cease,
The untimely calls of L**ter.

GENERAL SCOTT,

After taking command in Mexico.

The din of battle's heard again,
From the mountain top to the tented plain;
From the Rio Grande's winding stream,
Onward to where the lances gleam

Light up the fields—descry the ground,
Where countless hostile hordes abound;
Where oppression stalks with giant stride,
And wars and woes go side by side.
Where desolation sweeps the land,
And death abounds on every hand
From Buena Vista's wildest dells,
To the Gulf where the raging billow swells,
Thence from whence this torrent rolls,
To Montezuma's gilded halls;
Sung loud and long in ancient story,
Now strip'd alas of all their glory.
Where gallant Scott stands undismayed,
A host against this scept arrayed,
He wields *their* sceptre—holds the reins,
Dispels their gloom—unlinks their chains,
Forged on with such relentless care,
Chains—chains that none but vassals wear.
This veteran wends his conquering way,
Nor lets the fear of battle stay
His onward march when hostile foes,
His country's dearest rights oppose.
Yet mindful what there's left to do,
When foes assail, and wrongs pursue,
This veteran stands a living shield
For his country on the battle-field.
The faithful friend in days of peace
Joyous to see the discord cease,
The umpire of his country's laws
He stands in this all glorious cause.

CAPT. MAYO.

AND it was stated, that at this battle Capt. MAYO also acted with great coolness and bravery, and was constantly exposed to the enemy's fire, taking observations with the glass and in all other respects rendering great assistance in the fight.

AND MAYO too, that gallant tar,
So calm in peace—so brave in war,
Upon the distant ramparts trod
And calmly mark'd the scenes of blood,
That now in crimson torrents flow
From the bleeding sons of Mexico;
And there he took an eagle glance
Athwart this dark and wild expanse,
To mark the force of every shot
That desolate this fated spot,
That spread o'er that devoted ground
Death and devastation round,
That caus'd the stoutest hearts to pall
When *Vera Cruz was doom'd to fall.*

Capt. BUCHANAN.

ON hearing that Capt. BUCHANAN, who, at that time, superintended the Naval School at Annapolis, was about to take charge of the ship-of-war Decatur, and proceed forthwith to join our squadron in the Gulf of Mexico.

WHEN thunders boom in hostile gloom
From deadly warring cannon,

'Tis then I'm sure we shall hear more
From the gallant FRANK BUCHANNAN;
Who in days of peace hath lived at ease
Upon the Severn banks—man,
But now tis war—will battle for
His country and your thanks—man.
Will spread his canvass to the breeze,
Weigh anchor and be gone,
O'er stormy gulfs, and bays, and seas,
To join his squadron soon;
And there a gallant ship display
As e'er was known to sleep,
In breathless stillness on the sea
Or toss'd on ocean's deep.
His country's stars and stripes that wave,
So gallantly on high,
Reproach the coward,—laud the brave,
And all the world defy.
He'll teach them how—where'er they go,
To treat his nation right,
How the spangled banner—shall float in honor,
Or sink in endless fight.
How honest chieftains fight for fame,
But not for blood or gold,
They fight to win an honest name
As *Decatur* did of old.
Then Captain as ye onward go
Teach all to understand,
Ye'r banner hence *must freely flow*
Because from *freedom's land.*

On the melancholy fate of William V. Buskirk, late Secretary of State, who committed suicide by shooting himself with a gun.

Bright orb of day, art thou extinct,
And left the world to mourn
Those talents lost to human kind,
When thou art dead and gone?

And have we lost the man whose gifts
Of goodness; and of mind,
Whose heart and head thro' every stage
Were noble and refined?

Thy brightness and thy goodness all,
For some wise end were given;
But we have lost the brightest orb,
That galaxy'd the heaven.

Thou generous, kind, and noble soul!
William Van Buskirk,
Did'st thou despoil by thine own hand
God's noblest handy-work?

Mayhap some rude and unkind *fiend*
Had urged thee on to this,
Perhaps had marred thy prospects, hence
Disturbed thy worldly peace?

For such there are in every land
Beneath the radiant sun,
To spoil and tarnish all we do,
And all that could be done.

To make us wretched and forlorn,
In every stage of life,
To fill the house they should adorn
With misery and strife.

To goad the man borne down with cares,
To deeds of suicide;
Degrade himself; disgrace his house,
And wound his manly pride.

VANBUREN'S

2nd Canvass for the Presidency of U. S. It was no go!

Men wha hae for Jackson gone,
Ye whose deeds have nobly shown,
That ye could not be undone,
"On to glorious victory."

Now's the day and now's the time,
See the Whigs all stained with crime,
Hear their falsehoods how they chime,
Mark their fulsome revelry.

Wha's so base that could be sold?
Wha'd be bought by Biddle's gold?

Wha the banks could then uphold?
Let him hide his face.

Let him bend his servile neck,
And the yoke of cowards take,
And the pledge of freemen break,
And himself disgrace.

Van Buren is our surest prop—
Van Buren, is our last fond hope—
Then let us loose life's last warm drop,
That flows in every vein.

But we will let the rabble see,
That freemen must and will be free—
That what they want shall never be,
While life and truth remain.

THE ANNAPOLIS Pump Party.

On finding four youngsters of the town after the passage of the Sunday Law, busily engaged at Pa—son's pump at a late hour on the Sabbath evening, with a black bottle and tumbler, pumping and drinking, and drinking and pumping, until long after the adjournment of the Methodist meeting, many of whose pious members, unfortunately had to pass that way and to become the spectators of such an unholy and contaminating example as was to be witnessed on that occasion.

Ye lads that love liquor, and *black bottles* carry
Around to the *pumps*, where ye drink and get merry,

Do let me entreat you beware of the scandal
That hangs on your name, while ye *gig at their handle*,
That brings up the water so limpid and cold;
Then heat it by dashing in—*whiskey*—I'm told.
Tho' ye'r deeds they be veiled in the darkness of night,
Because ye choose darkness, aye, rather than light.
When ye gulp it so freely and get ye so tight,
Like the pig with his nasal tuck'd into the stack,
Then vainly presumes ye can't look at his back.
Yet true it might be—ye'r greatly mistaken
When each *passing saint* takes a kick at ye'r bacon,
Takes a cut at ye'r *honshons* so fully display'd, (*hams*)
When nothing is hid, but a part of your head.
For at this witching hour the righteous pass on
By the pump of the *publican—Tom Parkinson*,
Bound homeward from preaching so righteous and whole,
With the love in their hearts and the truth in their soul—
When their hearts are all gladness and their heads are all right,
Then find ye all pumping so late in the night.
Now remember there's one whose Omnipotent eye
Thro' this nocturnal darkness ye'r actions descry,
Whose vision was never obscured by a cloud,
Or mantled in darkness, or wrapt in a shroud;
Whose wrath is diffused on the heads of thy clan,
Of "*drunken revilers*," unrighteous young men.
When the law of the Lord in the land is the same
That the prophet Isiah was sent to proclaim
'Gainst the "drunkards of Ephraim" whose "all fading flower,"

Shall be swept from the earth by the hand of his power,
Whose mandate is firm as the rock that was smote
By the servant of God, when the water was sought
For the Children of Israel, on the desert of Zin,
To slake the sad thirst of their beasts and their men
When Moses was ordered to lift up the rod
And smite the rock twice by the power of God,
That sent forth its waters refreshing and fine,
From the fountains of life, from those rivers divine

Old Nick & Whiskey.

An old man by the name of Nicholas G—n, found holding on by a chair in a rummery up town, after being so well loaded in the upper story that he could not keep the forked end down without the use of a chair to hold by, and who, whenever he took a pull, which was not unfrequently, would never fail to have it well seasoned out of a smaller bottle, letting out its contents through a quill.

As old uncle Nick stood looking so sick,
In the corner long side the old chair,
I was struck with surprise,
When the whites of his eyes
Sent forth such a horrible glare;
He look'd like the demon of darkness sent on
From the bottomest regions of hell,
Where for ages and ages, his carcase had gone
With gobblins and devils to dwell.
He look'd like the adjutant general of soot

Had made him a corporal to warn
The devils on earth to appear at the spot,
Where the corporal must shortly return.
For the potent old drink, as most people think,
Had got in the end of his nose,
And run it is said, from the top of his head
To the uttermost ends of his toes.
Where he'd stand till the morning, a pitiful warning,
To all who their credit might lose,
Not to taste, touch, or handle, this source of all scandal
That reddens the end of the nose.
Whilst the rest that be sick, the *dry powders* take,
Old Nicholas he tries the same dose
That flows by the gill, through the same little quill
And reddens the end of his nose.
This liquor libated and souls all elated,
As Solomon so wisely hath said,
When he spoke of the use, of this glorious juice
That gladdens the heart and the head.
This party now ended, and coppers all spended,
Nor the devil a step could he walk— [jerkin
For the rum it was workin', and his pulse it was
Like the springs of a ten-hour clock.
Didn't send for the rector, nor medical doctor
On account of the dose he had taken,
For twenty times oe'r he had *tuck* afore,
And now is alive *and a kickin'*.

Youthful Benevolence.

By request of a young man under minority, who had kindly ministered to the dying wants of another of the like want of years, both adventuring from the same distant land, and here brought together by the *indissoluble laws of instinct.* Though slightly known to all others in this great city, and to themselves only for the short space in which it was left for the survivor to tender his last offices of human kindness to his juvenile countryman.

Tho' dying in a distant land,
Nor one dear kindred nigh,
I found a kind and generous hand,
A heart that yet could sigh.

A hand that raised my drooping head,
When death before me stood,
An eye that watch'd my dying bed,
A heart that was so good.

That heart that throbs within the breast,
Of one devoted youth,
Who flies to strangers when oppressed,
And makes their pillow smooth.

A pulse that vibrates from the heart
Of that youth of tender age,
Who play'd this kind and generous part,
That youth—was John McCambridge.

My distant friends a last adieu,
And may this soul divine
Unsullied as the morning dew,
In matchless glory shine.

When ye shall say—in endless day,
So sheltered from the blast,
Thine infant form hath stood the storm
Now finds eternal rest.

TO A Mother in heaven.

On a silver cup left by a dying mother to her son, then about five years old, which had been all her maiden wealth, and which she bequeathed to her child as a memento of a fond mother's dying affection, and which he now holds as a valuable acquisition.

I *winna* change this cup I hold,
For California's mines of gold—
I winna change this cup of mine
For valleys where rich diamonds shine.
This cup that shed its silven rays
Upon my sad and infant days,
When I was artless, young, and free,
My mother gave this cup to me.
It was my mother's silven cup,
I *canna*, winna give it up—
It was this poor yet priceless boon
Bestowed on me her infant son.

'Twas all this worldly wealth she had
To leave to me when I was sad,
And weeping round her dying bed.
And when her seraph form lay low,
'Twas all my mother could bestow,
Save that kind blessing and her love,
Borne by angel hosts above;
Recorded there without a blot,
Dear mother I forget it not,
Where I in boundless joy shall meet
My kind and sainted mother yet.

United Firemen's Visit

TO

N. YORK & PHILADELPHIA,

With the JENNY LIND engine, under their officers therein named.

WHEN genial suns that gild the day,
Make fields and forest green,
'Tis then ye wind ye'r northern way
To climes yet more serene.

A sterling band of fifty men
Gang in their youthful prime,
To bear abroad the "Jenny Lind;"
At this propitious time.

United on, ye bloods retire,
With heads and hearts elate,
To join ye'r brethern *of the fire*,
Tho' in a distant State.

With STINER then, and other names
By whom ye lads are led,
Ye travel on, nor fear the flames
Tho' volcanoes rise ahead.

MIL——BERGER too, that stalwart b'hoy,
When the flames grow fierce and hot,
Will always heed the firemens' cry,
And toddle to the spot.

And WATKINS last—tho' not the least,
Shall unforgotten stand,
When his good name—such honors claim
At every fireman's hand.

Should matters now go rightly through,
And cause no gassing talk,
Ye'll then unite in gay delight
With th' b'hoys of old New York.

And next ye'll take a chance to find,
How far they shall compare
Their "*Tiger*" wi' ye'r "*Jenny Lind*,"
When promenading there.

And the music's thrilling sounds that fill
The ravish'd soul with cheer,
Shall burst in glorious raptures still,
On every fireman's ear.

All right and tight—then homeward beat
And leaving matters pretty,
Ye'll tender thanks to Gen. TWEED, (*their Pres't.*)
And that resplendent city.

Philadelphia last ye'll take along,
And bear it in ye'r mind,
That the quakers, tho' of *ancient song*
Should not be left behind.

Then give ye'r *straight-coat* friends a call,
No doubt by his desire,
And should the "*Hicksites*" raise [illegible]wl,
Extinguish all their fire.

Thence homeward turn ye'r face again,
Nor let it once be thought,
That the b'hoys that work the "*Jenny Lind*"
Are not the righteous sort.

For ye'r the lads that bear the name,
That puts the *embers* out,
Tho' the devil himself should fan the flame
That just had flared so hot.

RETURN of the same 4th June 1851, when it was remarkable that during their short absence more fires occurred than at any other period for the same number of days previously to that time.

WELCOME "UNITED" to ye'r native climes,
More welcome still, in these portentous times,
When all the "*rowdies*" of the human race,
Have gathered on to this devoted place;
When every dastard coward, miscreant—wretch,
Now throngs the town *to ply the midnight torch;*
When sanguine hordes in lawless groups abound
'Tis then we hear thy footstep's cheering sound,
'Tis then we hail thy proud "United" band
Returning homeward, to ye'r native land;

To warn the reckless 'gainst his base desire,
To ply the torch, and wrap your town in fire.
When we can boast thy potent aid is nigh,
'Tis then we do these lawless gangs defy,
When miscreant fiends, that fain would burn ye'r
Town,
'Tis now the [illegible]ead *your firemen's* great renown,
And learn [illegible]ew; if one, would lag behind,
When occasion calls to play with "*Jenny Lind.*"
For she's the maid that squirts the limpid spray,
O'er house-tops, rafters, ridge-polls—far away,
And cause ye'r four inch walls, to creek and totter,
When play'd upon, by *her pellucid* water,
As pure as that the tribes of Israel sought
By God's command, when they the marble smote,
On the droughty deserts of the barren Zin,
When the fountains gushed to quench the thirst of
man.
Untramelled on, and staunch the furious flames,
And give the world ye'r *undivided* names.
United then you stand in bold relief,
Nor once forget your *plethoretic* chief,
Whose stalwart frame is daily growing larger,
Whose honest name is GENERAL MILTENBERGER,
Who, in a word, stands with yourselves combin'd,
To extinguish flames—and *play with* "*Jenny Lind.*"

STRIPES.

THE following lines, written by request of a gentleman who bears the distinguished title of Lt. Colonel of *A-no-place* Militia, who, whenever he gets not so far to the Southward as he might have been during the Mexican war, is extremely addicted to his quotations from ancient authorities, and the unlimited use of the word "Stripes." This be it said to the Colonel's praise, however, he never swears by any higher authority than his imperishable coadjutors, "*the Gods of War*," which he appeals to most powerfully on every occasion. The Colonel is a good painter by profession.

LIST ye my lads, with one accord,
And cease to tune ye'r pipes;
Old Sheridan is all aboard,
And bound to give ye *stripes*.

Lord Byron, too, is known to dwell
On his pathetic lips;
And more than human—strange to tell—
He paints him off in *stripes*.

Old Shakespeare, that immortal name,
That all the rest eclipse—
Our hero holds undoubted claim,
To paint in glowing *stripes*.

Ye seamen bold, and "Gods of War,"
That fight on land or ships;
Our hero holds, at times, the power
To give you mental *stripes*.

Eclat for no departed sage
Was ever set in types,

In any country, clime or age,
To equal that of *stripes.*

Then if ye would the belly-ache,
The gravel or the gripes,
One lesson from the Colonel take,
And he will give you *stripes.*

LET the voice of rejoicing swell out on the air,
Let the bonfire light up the scon with its glare,
Let the foes of this nation, relenting, despair,
When the names of our statesmen fall harsh on the ear,
Let the tocsin by freemen be sounded en masse,
Whilst their praises they thunder for "BUTLER AND CASS."
Give the patriot the theme that his bosom inspires,
Whilst his mem'ry recurs to the deeds of his sires,
Let feelings unaltered, heroic and kind,
Hold a seat in his heart, and a home in his mind,
Let the friend of his country his senses impress,
With the *motto of liberty*—"Butler and Cass"
Whose triumph in gladness, we eagerly hail,
And rejoice that such statesmen should ever prevail
Over tyrants and traitors now lighting the brand,
That shall spread desolation o'er liberty's land,
Then a shout that the God of the nation would bless,
That motto we give ye of "Butler and Cass."

Once more let the cloudless and portentous morn,
Startle the foes of this land with its tidings unborn,
Let freemen unceasingly shouting, rejoice,
With the heart of a saint and a patriot's voice,
That freemen untrammelled will ever remain,
Unbound by the shackles of slavery's chain,
And that patriots as onward they eagerly press,
Will hail the proud motto of "Butler and Cass."

BAR.

On seeing a notice printed in verse hanging in the bar of the City Hotel at Annapolis, about one year after the commencement of the Naval School at that place, setting forth in strong terms, that "all drink ordered after the date thereof, must be promptly paid for at the time ordered."

Ye lads that love liquor and spent be ye'r fips,
How empty ye'r pockets—how drouthy ye'r lips,
And how sad be the moment—ye sklint on the verse
Where allusion is made to ye'r pennyless purse,
So shining and dazzling to external view,
But inwardly not worth the eighth of suse;
So gilded and filded with glittering beads,
Yet emptied of all its most needful *proceeds.*
Where the rule is laid down, and distinctly 'tis said,
That no grinding be done without *tenpence* be paid.
Now the case is made out, and so plain is the law,
That the liquor ye quaff shall be settled for now;
Then let me entreat ye, my good honest fellows,
That when ye plod hither, to plank up ye'r dollars,
And when ye get drouthy and stand on this tack,
To ship on some ballast a Scotchman calls "plack."
For the way I have suffered when rightly adjusted,
Is a caution that suckers should never be trusted—
And the way they have bilged me by rightly *comparin*
Is a caution I tell ye to Moses and Aaron.

To the independent voters of Baltimore City and the State generally, in the late contest for Governor between LOWE and CLARKE.

LET the voice of rejoicing swell out on the air—
Let the bonfire light up the scene with its glare—
Let the anti-reformers relenting dispair,
When the name of our statesman falls LOWE in their ear.
Give the patriot the theme that his bosom shall crave
Whilst his soul it shall loathe the vile laws that we have;
Let the voice for retrenchment as onward ye go,
In thunders re-echo the name of a LOWE.
Let feelings untrammelled, heroic and kind
Hold a seat in your heart, and a home in your mind,
Let the friends of ye'r city and counties bestow
At the contest not distant, ye'r suffrage on LOWE,
Whose triumph in gladness we eagerly hail,
And rejoice that a statesman like him shall prevail
Over pandering leaches absorbing the means,
That flow from the heart thro' the best of ye'r veins;
Over tyrants and traitors now lighting the brand
That may spread desolation o'er old Maryland;
Over one who has raised the political storm,
And now's the false friend to the coming reform.
Then a shout that the people en masse will go
In triumph and gladness for ENOCH L. LOWE.
Once more let the cloudless and portentous morn,
Startle the foes to retrenchment with tidings unborn
Let ye'r good honest townsmen unceasing rejoice
With the heart of a saint and a patriot's voice.
That freemen as onward they eagerly go
Will shouting re-echo the name of a LOWE,
And that freemen untramelled will ever remain
Unbound by the shackles of slavery's chains.

LAMENT.

LAMENT to the Middys just leaving the Naval School at Annapolis, to go on board of their respective ships for a cruise on the ocean—by an old Jew named *Moser*, who stood *valet* to a number of young men in 1848 of the School, who had formed themselves into a convivial association they called the "*Crow Club*," and which convened every evening at the rum-shop of a certain *Cater* whose interest it was to render supplies for the accommodation of these nocturnal juveniles.

This humble appeal to the *sons of the brine*
I made to the "club of the Crow," sir,
In hopes that ye'r merciful hearts will incline
To relieve the sad wants of old "Moser."

Thy faithful old waiter *that starts at thy nod*,
How grievous the moment I loose ye,
The epoch that parts us, how can it be stood
By the heart of disconsolate "Moser."

Thy club it stands high, and its name is revered
By each son of old Bacchus that knows ye,
Thy worth it is foremost, thy name 'tis endeared
To the bosom of heart-broken "Moser."

My nocturnal labors go heavily round,
Tho' I never was caught in a snooze, sir,
At my post and my duty can always be found
Awake—*when ye whistle for "Moser."*

His coffers are empty and pockets so slack,
And his money indecently low, sir,
Then let me entreat ye to unfob ye'r plack, (*silver.*)
For the sake of thy faithful old "Moser."

Then one simple hint, as a word to the wise
Before ye conclusively go, sir,
Look well at my song, nor ever despise
The pretensions of penniless "Moser."

Then prayers for ye'r safety shall ever be said,
Wherever ye paddle or row, sir,
Whether handing, or reefing, or heaving the lead,
By thy destitute land-lubber "Moser."

RAISING A SMOKE.

WRITTEN to a gentleman in the Fourth Election District who was under an engagemment to send the writer a car-load of hickory wood, but who was only two days short of the time proposed—be it, however, said to the gentleman's credit that in a few hours after the receipt thereof, the wood came down the road *flying*.

MY dearest Phil, the truth I tell,
Nor don't you think I joke,
When this I say to you to day,
I cannot raise a smoke.
For I have no wood—as right I should,
By which to raise the steam
From grate or stove, my precious love;
Then what an awful dream,
From which to wake—when slumbers break
This cold and icy morn,
Where frozen souse—and frigid house
Look wintry and forlorn.
When children cry, with tearful eye,
And *sklint* at me eschew,

When *house-wife wakes and dudgeons takes,*
What shall a body do?
Why the spouse appease—and set at ease
Her sad foreboding fear,
And say "Mewburn, on the cars' return,
Will send us wood, my dear."

TO M'LLSE
JENNY LIND.

The Sweedish herald of "*a noisy world she roams,*"
Heedless of the murky rains and howling storms,
Undaunted on this vocal songster comes
With the speed of light.
Whirled on the vivid wheels of steam
Thro' all the mazes of the mystic gleam—
She's no less pure than other maidens seem
On this gay night.

I therefore feel *myself* inclined
To be the lawful heir to Jenny Lind,
For I know she could not be unkind
To a Bard so poor,
And with her kindred hence divide
That harvest reap'd at eventide,
When lords and lordlings all unite
To fill the store.

For bards by nature's laws are doomed
Long *after worldly wealth's consumed*,
In beggars' graves to be entombed
In shrouds of clay.
And thence to moulder in the dust,
Nor find one human soul to trust,
To mark his head—"*here lies the just*,"—
But neglected lay.

Then wake my muse in tuneful lyre,
Each generous, noble soul inspire,
To fan the flame of sacred fire
Now gleaming bright.
That spreads a radiance round the scene,
Now throng'd by countless listening men,
To hear the songs of Jenny Lind
On this gay night.

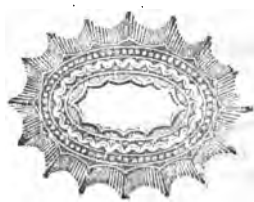
Nor all the wealth of John McDonough,
Could equal half that *talent* 's won her
When praises rest so thickly on her
Sweedish name.
Behold her in a stranger land,
Dispensing with a liberal hand,
Her *countless thousands* at command
To raise her fame.

When music strikes the soul refined,
'Twould take the powers of earth combin'd
To hear the songs of Jenny Lind
And not rejoice:
That unconscious draws the listening ear,
Despite of him that gangs to hear
The syren echoes falling clear
From her sweet voice.

When music fills the ravish'd soul;
Commands the heart, and bears control,
'Tis then the captive finds the goal
His senses bind.
When every longing, listening ear,
Distended leans to feel and hear,
'Tis then this music falls so clear
From Jenny Lind.

When David's olden harp was strung,
Now e'er 'twas on the willows hung
And sweetly played the joyful song
That Heaven design'd.
Yet 'twere impious now to say,
At this advanced, enlightened day,
That David's most enchanting lay
Could equal Jenny Lind.

Tho' were I now to turn a Swiss
For treasures paltry such as this,
Departed saints would turn and hiss
Me out of Heaven.
For there's a treasure undiminished,
That finds no cause to be replenished,
When the Christian's faithful life is finished
And light is given.



WRITTEN after the bard had been informed that it would not be possible for his printed verses on the fair warbler to reach her, first having to pass the ordeal of a *German critic*, whose business was to pass on all communicaiions addressed to this fair lady, and then to suffer such only to reach her as might be considered by his *drumly* highness of sufficient importance for her perusal. We therefore ascribe it to an innate want of poetry in the soul of this drowsy Dutchman, that the lines in question had never reached their fair destination, and were therefore consigned to oblivion, so far at least as the fair warbler had been concerned.

O WAD the powers some giftie gee us,
To see *oursel* as eithers see us,
It wad fra *Sweedish music free us*,
And such devotion—
What Sweedish warblers then would lea us,
And cross the ocean.

O Jenny *dinna* toss ye'r head,
Nor sit ye'r glories all abroad,
Thou Sweedish songstress vainly made
The wonder of the world—'tis said.
Then Jenny dinna sing sae sweet.
And cause the folks to *tak* the street,
And sport at night their cash sae late,
They can't afford.

Wi' some it *maks* but little matter
To listen to ye'r *sangs* and clatter,
But Jenny mind ye that poor batter— (*in N. Y.*)
Good gracious Lord.

The *plack* ye drew *frae* his poor pocket
In listening to ye'r Sweedish racket,
But praise is due—the Lord be thankit,
Is a righteous word.

Ye little *ken* what rhymes I sent ye,

Intended but to compliment ye,
But if ye'r German intercepter
Is first to read the verse and chapter,
And ye shall not peruse a word
Save what comes thro' this *drumly lord*—.
Then may the *divil* take the hindmost,
And save ye if ye'r only foremost.
We're told this German sprig lays back,
Obstructs the course, and clogs the track
Between ye'r *sel* and faithful writers,
Who more anon would send ye letters;
And could portray in decent rhymes,
The events of these portentous times,
When lads and lasses all combine
To worship at thy *Sweedish shrine.*
Tho' could ye warn ye'r vassal Dutch,
To let ye scan that gentle touch
I sent—ye'r warbling soul 'twould marvel much,
To hear a bard so full and free,
In honest praises sing of thee—
Then sign himself thine N. S. E.

At the commencement of the late Contest for Governor of Maryland.

The din of party strife, again
Re-echoes one discordant strain
From the Susquehanna's gurgling rills,
To the Alleghany's distant hills;
Thence from whence these turrets rise,

In contact with the western skies,
Long down the Potomac's winding way
To its conflux with ye'r native bay;
Meandering thence the sea-girt shore,
We strike the lines of Delaware,
Thence homeward turn to Baltimore.
Sung loud and long in modern story—
Now decked in monumental glory,
Where WASHINGTON stands looking down
A marble statue on ye'r town;
Where the friends of LOWE stand undismay'd
A host against this scept arrayed; (*anti reformers.*)
Where the free man's vote and freedom's voice
Proclaim him still the sovereign choice.
Then mount the badge that patriots wear,
As pure as truth—as light as air,
Then pull together as ye go,
And triumph in the cause of LOWE.
Now homeward let your fancies turn,
And tell the astonished *whigs* to learn,
There 's no log-cabin, town, or tower,
That shall not yield to Baltimore
And *crumble in that fatal hour.*
Then raise the tocsin as ye go
And triumph in the cause of LOWE.

SERENADERS.

WRITTEN on the night of the 6th of August 1850, when a party of Serenaders were performing finely, about the hour of four in the morning, greatly to the satisfaction of listening throngs on every hand, whose pendulous nightcaps, under the countervailing influence of *Orpheus* and somnus, could be descried in the distance protruding from every crany of that densely populated portion of the city.

Music hath charms to soothe the savage heart,
To chain the *poet*, and to play the tyrant's part—
Command the reptile in his deadly rage,
His passions tame—and all his wrath assuage.

When hell itself before seem'd all combin'd,
'Tis music then that makes the soul refined—
'Tis music's self that binds the listening ear,
That makes the rougher kinds, the smooth appear.

Then why not I, controll'd by thy command,
Submission bow and at thy mandate stand
A co-observer of thy magic powers,
Then while away the remnant of my sleepless hours.

ON a tree in front of the author's door in C****y street Baltimore, that throws its evening shades in the door, affording great relief in warm weather to its inmates.

SPARE, woodman, spare this green elm tree,
Its verdant branches shelter me,

When my morning task is done
From the post-meridian sun,
Whose unobscured and radiant face
Sends down its genial soothing rays,
To cheer the thrifty farmer now,
That tills the soil and speeds the plough.
And when aside my work is laid,
'Tis then I sit beneath its shade;
When tired nature seeks repose,
'Tis then its verdant foliage throws
Around as if by magic spell,
This humble cottage where I dwell,
These cooling shades I love so well,
So kindly falling in my door,
Then who could seek or wish for more?
Where breezes gently playing round,
So still ye scarce can mark the sound—
Yet shed their influence on this head
Now sheltered by its cooling shade.

Epitaph on 'Old Carlow.'

EPITAPH on "Old Carlow," an old water dog, supposed to be poisoned some years ago in Cornhill street, Annapolis. This dog was presented by the author to the gentleman who owned him at the time.

BENEATH this cold and silent sod,
Old Carlow finds repose,
Withdrawn from Severn's briny flood,
He takes his final snooze.
Lone tenant of this narrow vault,
Excluded from the day,

He died for no rebellious fault,
And now lies stowed away.
Beneath this mound his carcase lies,
And without he hath good luck,
Will never to the surface rise
To chase another duck.
May he who troubles Carlow's bones,
High on the gibbet swing,
To blanch in endless summer suns
For such unholy thing.

To the Watch of the "Western" section of the city respecting a nuisance in a small alley running west from Pine street not far south of Saratoga—A negro brothel.

Come all ye lads that prowl by night,
And take ye'r daily snoozes,
I'd have ye mind that awful sight
Where the negro brothel house is.

It lies upon that narrow lane,
That leads to *M******l's gate*,
'Bout which the people all complain,
And *gass* so much of late.

Beside the noxious filth and stench
That surrounds this tawny race,
The howlings of some greasy wench
Besets this awful place.

For my olfactory nerves have been
Assail'd from day to day,

Then let me ask as honest men,
To take this filth away.

For you are paid from year to year,
Four hundred shiners down,
Then why not let the people hear
These minks are out of town.

Then take them out to *Shroder's woods*,
And let them there remain,
'Till the vivid lightning's winds and floods
Shall sweeten them again.

And never let your streets and lanes,
Be throng'd with wh*r***g niggers,
While *hickory*, oak, or ash remains,
Or *revolvers* work with triggers.
JULY, 1850.

POLK AND CLAY.

THE most serious charge brought against JAMES K. POLK when a candidate for the Presidency of the United States, was obscurity—that no one knew who he was, although he had held the same office that for so many years distinguished Mr. CLAY, their favorite candidate, it was that of Speaker of the House of Representatives. This was composed on the 5th of March, 1845, after the inauguration of POLK.

WILL any mortal man but look
And tell us who is James K. Polk?
This obscure man behind the door,

Was *never known or seen before;*
This obscure man behind the gate
Was never known *till here of late;*
This obscure man behind the fence
Of little note or consequence,
Has given Harry h—l to hold,
Despite of all his British gold;
Despite of all his sly intrigues,
His Southern tricks, or *Northern leagues,**
Now Harry don't you take it hard
To get my true and honest word,
That Gen. Jackson never meant
To let you be our President;
So great aspirant now as you,
Who'd sell himself and country too
To get to be that man of state,
O blot it from the book of fate.
Betake ye to ye'r Ashland home,
There spend yer few short days to come
In prayers to Gen. Jackson's throne, (*the people.*)
Where all your crying sins are known;
And ask the boon of gracious Heaven
To let ye die and be forgiven.
For in that Holy Book 'tis wrote,
Jehovah will forever blot
Your sins, though deeph as scarlet died,
He will in gracious mercy hide.
Although your cup of sin be full,
He'll wash and make ye "white as wool."
Then come, old man, improve thy days,
Forsake thy dark and wicked ways,
And let us have for once to say
That one like Ashland Harry Clay,

*With his cousin Cassius in the North.

Was bro't to bow at Jackson's feet,
And there these contrite words repeat,—
"Father, I've sinned in thy sight,
"My deeds are dark as darkest night;—
"Am no more worthy to be styled
"Thine honest, faithful, righteous child.
"O let me to thy house return,
"And there an humble pittance earn;
"O let me to thy house repair,
"And there partake of swinish fare:
"O grant to me the husks that feed
"Thy stupid, senseless, swinish breed.
"O make me as an hired slave,
"For this is all, and this I crave.
"O let me die and be forgiven,
"That we may live as one in Heaven."

By request of a member of the "Independent Blues" company who was about to visit Little York, Pa., on the 4th of July, 1851.

'Tis onward then this glorious day we come
Sojourning hither, from our native home;
A day so pregnant with the past events,
From a town so fam'd for battle "monuments,"
A respectful band of "*Independent*" guests,
To accept of you, your *hospitalities.*
We are the band of "Independent Blues,"
Nor shall ye find a single man refuse

To rejoice with you, when you yourselves rejoice,
To raise this day the holy patriot's voice—
To join with you of such undoubted worth,
Whose ruling motto, is "good sense and truth."
Then rise and teach the wild discordant bands,
That now 's the day to join all patriot hands,
And teach the South to learn from you at length,
That in our "Union"—lies eternal strength.
Where are now, your chiefs of old renown,
Who left their homes, *this patriotic town?*
To war long side the time worn brave defender,
Whose unyielding motto was, "*We don't surrender!*"
Nor stands there one, in these respected ranks
To receive our honest undivided thanks.
Then might their names *recorded* stand on high,
By that good hand—*whose patriots never die.*
Now last, not least, in honest phrase we'll scan
The *worth* of him who fought the tawny Mexican—
Whose honored name is Capt. JOSEPH ZEGLE,*
Whose patriot fame is none but brave and legal.
When thou art gone, thy children old and hoary—
Thy name live on in future faithful story,
Untarnished by the withering lapse of ages
On thy country's glorious brightest pages.
And thus we greet our urbane friends of "York,"
Tho, not with empty gasconading talk,
Not with useless, fulsome, onerous, clatter,
But pure, ungarnished, grave, and truthful matter.
With us ye hold the most exalted place,
Which time on time itself shall not efface,
That time itself shall not henceforth remove
From graceful hearts that throb with undivided love.
Then may thy lingering laurels o'er thee shed

*A Mexican hero.

A sacred halo, 'round thy patriot head,
Whose souls that hence shall join the good and just,
When heads will moulder in the silent dust;
Heads laid low beneath the verdant sod,
But souls in converse with their sacred God.
Whose glorious deeds, unwithering, just renown,
From time to time shall hence be handed down,
To let uprising men and nations see
That man is brave, and will henceforth be free.

SOME years ago when the ship-of-war Princeton, Commodore Stockton, lay in the Annapolis roads, she was visited by the Heads of Departments from Washington, who were, as a matter of course, joined by the authorities of Maryland. The Governor, the Chancellor, etc., and who afterwards on their return to shore, were hospitably entertained at the Government house by Gov. Pratt, all save one fractional thing, which had vainly conceived it to be a part of its duty too, because Mayor of the village to taggle along with the rest, forgetting that in all cases, it is the man that dignifies the office, and not the office that makes the man what he never was intended for. Billy, as a natural consequence had no citation to cross the Governor's threshold on that day.

"O WAD some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursel as eithers see us,
It wad frae monie a blunder free us,
And foolish notion.
What airs and dress and gait wad lae'e us
And e'en devotion."
"O Billly dinna toss your head"
Nor set your glories all abroad,
Thou stitch-l**se Billy lately made

"Lord Mayor of London" as 'tis said;
"Ye little ken what cruel speed
"The folks, about are sairly makin
"To cull and thin thy filthy breed;
Those winks and finger ends I dread
Are notice taken.
Look back four months then was there seen
Or has there surely ever been
In any place a Mayor so mean
As Billy of the shears and goose,
Whose emblem is the spradling l**se.
For shame ye folks of our city
Why could ye choose a thing so *nitty*,
That's neither honest, wise nor witty,
To sproll and sprattle in its rout,
To crawl and look so mitey stout
And loath us with its ugly snout?
"D'ye mind that day when in a biz (*bustle.*)
Wi' reekit duds and reestit gizz, (*scorched wig.*)
Ye did present your smoutie phiz,
Mang better folk
An' sklented (looked eschew) on the man of *us** Where ye did poke!!
And next we'll speak of other things,
Which to our minds the matter brings,
That amang the scenes occurring late,
We had with us some folks of state
Who paid a visit to the ship, (*the Princeton.*)
Where gentle folks might take a peep,
Where *l**sy insects* should not creep.
But Billy from the post he held,
Round as any toad was swelled,
Bethought himse'l of course compell'd
To join this much respected throng,

*Pratt.

And then how he could get along
To visit strangers in the Bay. (*Chesapeake.*)
Then hear what strangers had to say,
And spend withall a glorious day.
To go with big-bugs up and down,
By water first, then round the town,
And gain for Billy such renown.
He next got back where he was known,
There was no homage to him shown,
The gentle folks they got a call
Up to the Governor's biggest hall,
But Billy to himself was left,
Of honor and of fame bereft. (*not invited.*)
For Bill had far before the rest,
Hard upon the Governor prest
And stuck to Tam wi glorious ettle (*Pratt*)
But little wist he *Tammy's mettle*
One single step beyond the sill,
Destroyed the hopes of l**sy Bill,
Ae spring took in the Governor hale,
But left the hero of our tale
To crawl and scratch his after part,
So flattened 'gainst the tailor's board.
The Governor gave a great levee,
Ne'er heard of once nor known was he,
The Governor gave a dinner grand,
But he aside was bound to stand;
The Governor gave a dinner good,
Behind the door his *mare*ship stood,
Nor dare approach the precious food,
He was not of the proper grit,
With whom the Governors like to sit,
For gentle-folks would feel defamed
If of their party could be named

Such fools and apes as get to be
Misplaced in office d'ye see,
So famed was he for tricks and fraud,
They kicked his tailor overboard.
He thought as fools would wont to say,
With him 'twod be a glorious day,
But Billy—ye were never cited
Nor to the Governor's feast invited,
But had again to swing the goose,
Within thy small and narrow house,
Where placed beside the *goose and shear*
Was seen within thy proper sphere,
Was seen where insects of thy shape
Should ne'er presume to act the ape,
Was seen where insects of thy form
Should ne'er be seen to sprattle from
To crawl in presence of the great,
Or creep within a white man's head.
Now Billy 's got an office, he
Sits in the chair of Mayoralty,
But how he got so *miley* great
I will in order thus relate:
In forty-two he did aspire (*go to the Legislature.*)
To quit his goose and crawl up higher,
To quit his needle and his shears,
And get amang the noble peers.
In forty-two he did presume
To occupy that spacious room;
That spacious room that bears due south
From the senate-chamber and so forth;
Had summoned up a little clique,
Bethinking they were bound to stick,
That he could get the nomination,
Be engaged in legislation,

And gratify his expectation.
But forsooth his obscure name
Was lost to fortune, lost to fame;
He went up to the junction road,
And on my true and righteous word,
He got two votes in full convention;
His name it did not bear a mention;
He did not stand the slightest chance—
His *name* was not a circumstance.
He got his own and Doctor Garlic,
Who stuck to Bill so mitey war-like,
To carry out this knavish frolic:
He got those two and they were all,
A number so etarnal small,
So Billy thought his case was bad,
It made him wrothish, made him mad,
Then on the next election day
What his *mareship* did 'tis well to say;
He sacked the party in a hurry;
He put on J*****n cut off M****y, (*for Congress.*)
He kittled up his little clique
Bethinking they were bound to stick,
To carry out this knavish trick;
He mustered L—g, likewise D—ll,
The L***s they all obeyed the eall,
The G—ys too they did respond
To make complete this hopeful band,
And next John S——n was their aim,
Al——er then for senate came,
They put on him and cut of S—an,
And what is worse we now will tell man;
In April next the corporation
Came around in due rotation,
And where was Billy found that day?

Why for the Whigs, and hot for Clay;
Was found beseeching to be run
Upon this ticket, he as one
Was found imploring to be placed
Upon that ticket so debased
By having on it one vile kn—e
Who 's doom'd to fill a traitor's grave.

ADVERTISEMENT.

By the request of an old woman who sold wood by the small and who desired to have the following notice to set up at the door of her candy shop, inviting the neighbors to call and purchase wood on the terms proposed.—"Wood to be sold here in reduced quantities to suit purchasers."

Fuel sold in lots to all
Who choose to give this place a call,
In portions from a stick or more,
Delivered at my basement door.
Then I'd advise the cautious buyer
Who must supply his kitchen fire,
In all this hot and sultry weather
Not to keep much wood together—
Lest then perchance, it should ignite
And cause a furious *firemen's fight*;
Where rowdies gang in crowds together,
Despite of fire, and wind—and weather
To shoot and butcher up each other.
Then from my little scanty store,
You'd find yourselves at once secure
To purchase all the fuel up
In driblits at my candy shop.

ANNAPOLIS RANGERS IN MEXICO.

FOUR young men going from Annapolis to Mexico to fight their country's battles, a majority of whom were in the habit of bending their elbow on every proper occasion; the latter, however, is gifted with such a remarkable squinting of the eye that he finds it impossible to set both open at the same time, for when one would open, the other, as a natural consequence must shut, so that in this way the enemy found it extremely difficult to escape the fire of this deadly marksman. They all returned home "and never got a wound"

AYE, Mexican rabble beware of the day,
When our rangers shall meet thee in battle array,
When the b'hoys of Annapolis shall load up their guns
And destroy all the best of the Mexican sons.
They go in their strength, they go in their pride,
No donkies have they—no hobbies to ride,
Save what they have mounted in this ancient place,
And will ride in despite of the Mexican race.
We have sent on the limited number of four,
And who could desire to send any more,
When these bear the weight of the town on their shoulders,
And will greatly astound the affrighted beholders.
They will let the world see *they* will not submit sir,
To be humbugg'd and cheated by *Gen. Arista*,
But will step to the music clean up to the *scratch*,
And let the foe see they have met with their match.
Now people will marvel and cry out for shame,

When we give them the number and keep back the
name
Of each individual attach'd to *the clan*,
So at it we go and will name every *man*.
There 's one of this party call'd JOSEPH MCNIER,
Who has nothing but cannons and rifles to fear,
For the *climate 's congenial*, and his blood runs so
high;
There 's no danger that Joseph *from fever* will die,
For the *rum that he drinks* and the corn he will *eat*,
Will keep the said Joseph above *fever-heat*—
Then Joseph of course will have nothing to dread
With *grub* in his belly and *rum in his head*.
Then Joseph my soldier how right it wo'd seem
That whilst ye'r reposing, you'd give us a dream,*
And tell how your sheaf stood erect on the ground,
And the rest of thy brethren 's submissively round;
How the sun and the moon, and the rest of the stars
Made obeisance to thee, now gone to the wars,
With your *pie-colored garment* of every hue,
From the tinge of the rainbow to indigo blue,
Prepared by old *Georgie* and given to you. (*tailor*.)
In the *blood of the kid* may it never be *dip't*,
But bloodless and stainless forever be kept,
A lasting memento of Joseph the brave,
Whose dirge will be sung, *when Joe 's in the grave*.†
Now as we have promised to give you every name
Of this party that battles for fortune or fame,
We'll give ye the title of one IKEY NICHOLS,
Who will *burst* all the bonds of the *Mexican shackles*;
Untramelled will fight, and the *world will amaze*,
For he'll put the whole South in a *phosphoric blaze*;

*Joseph's first and second dreams in Egypt.
†Genesis 37th chapter, 7th and 9th verses.

Will *eclipse* all the rest that are brought to the rack,
When the Mexicans fly, and he shoots at their back;
But should they but turn and *show him their noses*,
The way he will slope is a caution to Moses.
He will foot it so swiftly across the prairie,
There never was mortal in such a fegary,
He will take to the water, the fam'd Rio Grande
Despite of *old Taylor* and all his command;
And the way that sir Ikey will strike for this shore,
Was never yet read of, or heard of before—
He will put the said river in such a commotion,
Will drive out its waters clean into the ocean,
Produce such a neap-tide as never was known,
Despite of the stars, or the sun, or the moon.
When Ikey gets safely again on his feet, (*gets over*,)
The chapparal thicket will be his retreat,
Tho' damage to cloathing be ever so great—
Tho' his breeches be rent and torn be his hide,
His shirt without tail, and his coat thrown aside,
His shoes left behind, and his hat 'mong the missin',
Yet Ike will consider it all as a blessin'.
Then if Taylor had many such soldiers as Ike,
He'd conquer the foe without any mistake—
Would take Vera Cruz and all Mexico,
Without anything else save *swimming* to do,
And would gain for our arms that signal reward,
As never was read of, said of, or heard.
Now the next we will give you is one CASTLE H***T,
Who for healthy condition is surely the worst,
For this *slack-twisted* genius can never withstand
The *corn* and the *whiskey* of that tropical land—
But surely must yield to the fell diarrhoea,
That rages so highly at this time a year;

Then Castle adieu, and take ye my blessin',
For our loss at your absence was never distressin'.
When the wars are all ended and the battles are o'er,
The wish of your bard is, that ye never come more,
But if ye'r living, and bowels all right,
May Heaven protect ye and keep them all *tight*;
But if ye'r dead and are gone to the *locker*,
May the divil forget ye—ye drunken old sucker.
Now lastly we'll give ye another young man,
Whose title in Irish is JIM SULLIVAN,
Who, on former occasions his forces did rally,
And display the "old coon" up J. Hughes' alley;
He tied the old varmint so fast with a cord,
And bound him so snugly on top of the board,
That his peepers were started clean out of his head,
As he lay at full length on his featherless bed.
And what was of all things the best of the joke,
As people would pass him he'd "*hullo for Polk*,"
And then by the way of rejoinder would say—
"To he-l with the party that go in for Clay;"
And then with a squeel and a wag of the tail,
Would say, "d'ye sée how I'm rode on a rail."
So it happened one night by the light of the moon,
That I was passin along by this trammelled old coon,
That I heard the bench crack and the rope fly asunder
Not very unlike to a hard clap of thunder—
And when I took time to turn myself round,
The coon and the board they couldn't be found.
James awoke the next day in a terrible pet,
And screw'd up his eye in a horrible fret,
And swore he would plank up a whole doubloon
To be told who had pull'd down his plank and the coon—

When lo and behold ye, there stood up a lad
And *sklinting* at Jemmy he sneeringly said—
He could tell him who took down the coon and the board,
Free gratis—for nothin'—without any reward;
When Jemmy misgiving—then look'd very shy,
With a wink and a blink and a squint of the eye—
Said "no sir I thank ye, I'd rather not know it,
"And greatly prefer that ye never should do it."
And thus ends the story of Jim and his coon,
Whose courage and bravery must ever be known,
Who in general engagement or single combat,
He will bite like a coon or he'll scratch like a cat;
For bountiful nature was never more wise
In forming a creature with such squinting eyes.
Then Jemmy of course when he touches a gun,
Instead of two peepers will open but one—
And if old Santa Anna should take the command
And be opposed to our troops in the Mexican land
What risk he'll encounter, what danger will run
From the *squint of his eye*, and the *flash of his gun*.

5625328

LAMENT.

A deluded woman's lament to a faithless man, who, after deserting his own bed and board, refused to render sustenance to his offspring by the second woman, most artfully seduced by him.

My skill I'll try base J—k on you,
In verse to see what I can do,
Tho' simple may these lines appear,
They shall disclose to thee I fear,
A wretch of a black and faithless heart,
For acting out so base a part.
I speak of nothing here to you,
Allude to nothing save what 's true,
To bring thee into disrepute,
And prove thee less the man than brute.
And did'st thou think I could forgive,
And let thee unmolested live,
And not presume to tell my grief?
No J—k thou art my theme this day
O'er whom I hold revengeful sway,
For did'st thou not in darkest night,
Reveal thyself a villian right?
A coward in a woman's eye,
A libertine that hence must die
That death the righteous never die.
Woe be to thee, thou treacherous man,
Shame on thy guilty heart;
Thy sinful life is but a span,
Thou play'st the coward's part.
An injured woman's curse on thee,
Where'er ye chance to hie,

In vain ye from her presence flee,
In vain—in vain, ye fly.
As poets wont in days of old,
Thy shameless life I will unfold—
I will expose thee in my rhyme
And tell the world of all the crime
Appended to thy heartless name,
And stamp thee with the brand of shame;
For should'st the truth on thee be told,
Thy deeds were dark—and manifold;
In hell they'll make thee prance and bleat,
There feed thee on thy tainted meat—
And give to thee the hottest seat.
The virtue from this bosom torn,
Is on thy guilty shoulders borne;
Stamp'd on thy visage can be traced
Black lines that ne'er can be effaced.
Thy graceless heart do they reveal,
The sanction of thy guilt and sin—
'Till the flaming grates of yawning hell
Shall gape and take thy carcase in.
You promised gold, you promised food
To stay thine hapless offspring on—
But did'st thou make thy promise good,
And what for him hast yet been done?
Ye prowl about the midnight hour,
Mispending all ye get
On others, when I'm houseless poor,
And unprotected yet.
Why did'st thou then betray thy wife
To lead me into sin and strife,
Enough is told—I can no more,
Too true 'twas I—thy guilty wh—e.

[BY REQUEST.]

The Illiterate Constable.

A MAN who received the appointment of Constable in a certain metropolis not a hundred miles from here, who could neither read print, nor tell when writing stood bottom upwards; but notwithstanding was planked on that community as a good and efficient officer, by Bela O'-Brannagan, and who, instead of locating himself in some business portion of the city where he could be found useful when called for, preferred to plant himself at the foot of that verdant grove shading the front of the City Hotel, and directly opposite to C*****r's candy establishment, where he would hang on like a sick monkey in dog day, and who would deliberately go to work, make your principal, interest, and costs out a scifa by the return day, as he possibly could have done out of any fieri facias legally directed to him.

MINE office as you all may see
Is by this tavern fence,
My sign is nailed upon the tree
And comes to no expense.

Mine aim it is for F——k M-p
That has no eder-cushion,
Yet I always likes to git a job,
By way of *confiscation.*

And tho' I *does* not read and *ride*
I's crimminating up,
The chaps that comes so unco *tide,*
About this candy-shop.

My *parchment* coomes from B***y G**se,
Dat waddles in the streets—
His emblem is the spratling louse,
And he grins to all he meets.

And if my papers gits in pye,
I shlips to Chust-as Under,
The truit I tell and will not lie,
I never makes a *plunder*.

For when a capus is got out
Against a linquent tetter,
I gits dat chap to *pick it out*,
For dat is all no matter.

I gits him read dish paper through,
This *capus* respondendum,
How Jonny Doe and Richard Roe,
Could force the folks to mind *um*.

And ten I dakes my vinger nail
And makes a lettle mark,
And strange to say I never fail
To find *um* in the *tark*.

The chugments all cumes in mine 'at,
Alfafulgas in mine bocket,
Then the way that I attend to dat,
Is a caution unto Crockett.

And when my daily work ish ton,
I lays aside my bills,
And then for lots of glorious fun
Mit the precious little gals.

ADMONITION.

To an individual sloping out for California after attempting to swindle a creditor out of a bill he justly owed him, but was brought up with a round turn before making his final exit, and made to undergo *legal requisitions*, insomuch as to secure the future fulfilment of this pecuniary engagement. He went to California in the treble capacity of Doctor of Divinity, Doctor of Medicine and wholesale and retail consignee of a Baltimore dry goods merchant.

" God knows I'm no the thing I should be,
" Nor am I even the thing I could be,
" But twenty times I rather would be
" An atheist clean—
" Than under gospel colors hid be,
" Just for a screen,"

BURNS.

Therefore all things whatsoever
Ye'd have another do to thee,
Do thus to him and this will ever
Set thy guilty conscience free. (*Matthew* 7, 12.)
And this you'll find in Matthew seven
In letters bright *as virgin gold*,
The sinner's only chart to Heaven,
Where all his crying sins are told.
Doctor wherefore wanderest thou,
Peregrinating southward now—
Dost thou quit this frigid north
In quest of milder regions south ?

Chartered for the golden fields
That such unbounded richness yields—
Bound for California's mines
Where gold in such profusion shines;
Where genial sun-beams round thee play,
Turning darkness light—and night to day;
Do these entice thee—doctor say?
To bask in endless sunny beams,
Down by the cool and ripling streams,
And feed alone on *golden* dreams;
In "*Groves*" where *Dalias* stand arrayed,
Sweet "*William*" too shall rear its head
Uncultured in its golden bed,
Tho' honest folks should go unpaid.
Now e'er thou leav'st thy native land,
For weal—to sift this *golden sand*,
I pray thee pay that small demand;
The amount is but a single V,
And ye *promised payment* Doctor D.—
Don't leave thy neighbor in the lurch,
Then hide behind the sacred church.
Display thy country's stars and stripes,
Scalpels, flies, and glitering pipes,
And all such warlike mottoes;
Besides ten gross of Brandreth's pills,
Ground o'er again for Doctor D—l's,
And sold for Doctor Trotter's.
Ye'r doctorship 's of low degree,
Tho' titles hold ye up to three,
Enough *in conscience* Doctor D.;
Thou "Doctor—Merchant" so refined,
And preacher too with all combin'd,
To leave thy bills unpaid behind—

To quit thy native frosty hills,
To introduce thy pipes and pills,
To quaff the limpid *golden* rills
And leave unpaid thine honest bills.
Now Doctor as I said before,
I'd have thee pay that little score,
Now e'er thou leav'st thy native shore—
Or this haggard ghost shall hence appear
Around thy couch when none is near,
And fill thy soul with damning fear.
A loathsome form shall thence arise
Before thy wild distorted eyes,
And cloud the day in distant skies;
A *towzie* warlock fresh frae hell,
Some awful tales of woe to tell,
What flaming grates stand there prepared
For swindling *curates—save them Lord.*
How hyyocrites shall thence endure
These hissing flames forevermore,
Despite of all this golden ore.
How the Lord a righteous Judge will set,
Despite of all this golden grit,
Dispensing even justice yet,
Despite of all this golden dust,
His judgments shall be right and just.
For in that holy book ye'r told—
"My pardon is not bought with gold;
"But all ye righteous come to me,
"And I will set thy spirits free."
Tho' in that book again 'tis said—
"Upon thy vile and sinful head
"My cup of wrath shall be diffused,
"In vengance shall be freely used."

Then Doctor come, improve thy days,
Forsake thy vile, unrighteous ways;
And let us have for once to say—
That one so vile as Doctor D.,
Was brought his sinfulness to see.
And last, not least, doth now agree
His honest bills of fees to pay,
And will not swindle N. S. E.

Midnight Dirge.

WRITTEN under great depression of spirits brought on by misfortunes beyond the control of the writer.

"The tempest howl—it soothes my soul—
"My griefs, it seems to join
"The leafless trees, my fancy please,
"Their fate resembles mine."

BURNS.

My heart is sad—my spirit 's fled,
By cares and troubles worn;
This thorny couch I now approach,
Looks wintry and forlorn.

Yet who could loath this lonesome cell,
Where midnight boreas flings
Around the scene by magic spell,
On wild eaolean strings?

When touch'd by Heaven's unruly winds,
In wild commotion free,
This rude, tempestuous music finds
Unnumbered joys for me.

Then blow ye winds around this cot,
Where hearts have ceased to beat,
All joyous—and forget thee not
In strains of music sweet.

To chant the dirge of him, whose soul
Stands aloof from fate's alarms,
'Mid fortune's scowl and tempests howl,
Finds music in the storms.

JANUARY, 1848.

SERMON.

IN reply to a neighboring class leader, requesting that the author would read the 18th chapter of "Ezekiel," *no doubt for the benefit of his immortal soul.*

KIND sir I've read your chapter through,
And faith to me 'twas nothing new,
Tho' all the truth in Scripture said
Were found beneath its sacred head.

Were found in "Ezekiel's" righteous book
Where ye admonished me to look;
Nay found within his 18th chapter,
That ye designed that I should *tak* sir.

Now as I have in full possession
The gospel and the law,
You will excuse this plain expression,
Whilst I shall plainly shew.

And point ye to a passage next,
In Matthew twelve and seven, (*7th ch.*, 12*th v.*)
That strong, unerring, sacred text,
Thy passport into Heaven,

On which the law and prophets hang
By God's most high command,
A righteous, just and holy thing,
In every Christian land.

" And this you'll find in Matthew seven,
" In letters bright as virgin gold,
" The sinner's only chart to Heaven,
" Where all his crying sins are told.

" Therefore all things whatsoever
" Ye'd have another do to thee,
" Do thus to him and this will ever
"Set thy guilty conscience free."

For *Ezekiel* saith, he shall be blest
That leads a Godly life,
That heeds the hopeless when oppressed,
Nor wh—es his neighbor's wife.

He that hath his pledge restored,
That fed and clothed the poor,
Shall hence receive his bright reward—
A crown forevermore.

He that hath true judgment given
Between his earthly brother,
A resting place shall find in Heaven,
Beside his righteous Father.

For he that takes usuriously,
Or claims unjust "*increase*,"
His father's face shall never see,
Nor find eternal peace.

And he that hath by violence done
Oppresion to the poor,

'Tis justly said abomination
Lyeth heavy at his door.

That soul that would from wisdom fly,
And cleave the unrighteous path,
Must die the death the ungodly die—
An everlasting death.

But still a righteous God hath said
If the wicked will return,
My grace it shall be freely shed
While the lamp holds out to burn.

That if ye do that which is right,
"Ye shall not surely die,"
Nor sit with fiends in endless night,
Where the damn'd in darkness cry.

McCurry, A Gallows Scene.

THE Sheriff's Farewell words, after which the drop falls—a fellow countryman standing in the crowd is heard to vociferate at the top of his voice after the Sheriff is done.

THE Sheriff's prompt and much respected word
Amid the rushing crowd is faintly heard—
"Your hour is come, your time is short,
"It grieves my soul we thus should part,
"Then here we go, my fated friend good-bye,
"I'm bound to do, and thou art doom'd to die."
You see he hangs a wretch forlorn,
Altho' a full bred Irishman;

Then out sings Paddy with uproarous tongue,
As there the struggling, strangling culprit hung—
" Och, who cud think that swate McCurry,
Wo'd leave us all in such a hurry—
Or who cud think that ye my darlin'
Cud follow such an awful callin',
To sind ye'r own dear flish and blood
Too soon to met his livin' God?
Or who cud think that one so base
Cud come to this beloved place,
And kill a mon in perfect health,
For all his money, all his wealth?
Ye'r mother's son, your base spalpeen,
Och—bother to the dced ye 'r doin;
For had ye let poor *Roux* alone,
The Irish cud not be undone—
But as it be, our Irish name
Is lost to fortune, lost to fame.
For Harry cud ye list awhile
And hear the thruth my darlin' child,
By all the papers in the land,
Ilka mither's son will understand,
When bloody murther is found out,
Or held in mystery or in doubt—
When any murther dark and bloody
Is held in doubts by every body,
The question soon will settle down
In country-place and county-town,
That none but Dutch or Irish cud
Perform the deeds of dith and blood.
Then Harry don't you take it hard
To get my thrue and honest word—
It is the gud old Irish creed,
To cut the throat and let it bleed,

But niver let him bleed to dith,
Or lose his precious holy brith:
Och! bether power, still bether yet,
Besure a good shelala get,
And use it bravely left and right,
For that 's the way the Irish fight—
For they are not the worst of fools
That go by Falstaff's golden rules—
'That he that fights and runs away,
'May live to fight another day,'
And they that make the cudgles rattle,
May live to fight another battle.
But Harry on my honest life,
Ye niver shud have used the knife,
To cut the pipes of any stranger,
To place yourself in so much danger.

Lament to the City Hall.

By a gentleman whose chances for the nomination of Mayoralty of the city were growing less and less as the time progressed to fix on the candidate for that office.

How lang and lanely is the hour
That stifles respiration,
How dark the clouds that o'er me lower,
That blights my aspiration:
To o strangely felt to be subdued

When selfish passion rules,
Too strong to be misunderstood,
That inkling for thine halls.
For a' the lanely nights sa' lang,
And a' my dreams sa' *eerie*,
I waking hear thy midnight sang—
"*Thou never canst come near me.*"
When memory turns to follies past,
And scans the path I've trod,
Then sternly adds—"why did'st thou cast
"Aside the bricks and hod."
How slowly move the pondrous days
Of sad suspense, alas,
That throws their unpropitious rays
On the fields of hapless W—s.
Whose future homestead in thy halls,
No human eye shall see,
For a birth within thy Gothic walls
Was ne'er designed for me.
My soul then coupled with that chief
That wields the pondrous hod,
Is doom'd to linger on in grief,
'Till call'd to meet its God;
Where butcher's benches won't annoy,
Nor shanks nor mutton chops,
Our worldly prospect hence destroy,
Nor blight our fondest hopes.

REBUKE TO A PETTIFOGGER.

WRITTEN on the day of a large political gathering at Butler's Tavern, in Anne Arundel county, when Carroll and Hillen were opposed to Kennedy and Pitts for Congress, four on each side for the County delegation, and fourteen altogether for Commissioners of the Tax: intended to rebuke a little primary school teacher in the Piney woods, who presumed one day to write rhymes on the subject, but spoke only of the first four of all this wonderful batch of aspirants for office.

OUR Piney woods friend at so great a distance
Hath been so remiss with the muse's assistance,
That really to offer him any excuse,
Would be to deserve the good people's abuse.
To sing about candidates four he is willin',
But says not a word about Carroll and Hillen,
He'd have you to think that the ticket of four
Consisting of candidates three and John Moore.
Is everything mighty, is everything great,
On which surely hang all the matters of state—
But let me exhort him admonish his friends,
That on the election of Hillen depends
Much of importance for seasons to come,
Much of importance tho' further from home;
And the election of Carroll we'll likewise secure,
Along with the ticket of three and one Moore.
And while we're at it don't let us forget—

There are seven good candidates not numbered yet,
There 's Franklin and Lusby and old uncle Abner,*
When you go to the polls will be glad of your vote sir,
There 's Linthicum, Dorsey, and Jim Iglehart,†
When you put in your votes would be glad of a part,
And there's Hurbert the seventh, who will also expect
That when you are voting you will not neglect
To give him a push and to give him a pull—
Then fill up your tickets and let them be full
Ah! whigs of the Highlands beware of the day
When the swampers shall meet thee in battle array,
When the sandy-ground tackeys shall bear to the polls,
The men without shoes but not without souls;
Beware of the men who have nothing to ride,
Who go in their strength, who walk in their pride,
To let the world see they will not submit
To be humbugg'd and cheated by young Charlie Pitt,
Whose eloquent fine talk most truly entrance
The big-bugs who won't show the small-bugs a chance.
But if you would listen to what is true grit,
Turn aside and don't listen to young Charlie Pitt,
But *hark* unto Solomon's wisdom and truth,
And don't be deceived by this eloquent youth.
Then huzza for the ticket of Carroll and Hillen,
Huzza for that ticket the people are willin—
Huzza for the ticket consisting of four,

*Linthicum. †Wesley.

Huzza for the ticket of three and John Moore—
Huzza for the ticket consisting of seven,
May the power to elect them to freemen be given.

RHETORICK

This inimitable burst of rhetorick was found on a gate-post in the vicinity of Davidsonville in Anne Arundel co., somewhere about the time it bears date, carefully taken down and withheld in silent preservation from that time till now, greatly I fear, to the prejudice of literary and oratorical advancement, though as it is never too late to atone for past errors, I therefore hope to receive the forgiveness of a generous publick for this flagrant dereliction of duty, and humbly beg that the said instrument may yet be received for what it is worth, not only for its indelible marks of antiquity, mutilation by nail holes, and its general time-worn condition, but also for the effects formerly produced by having drawn together in its own time, an auditory unequalled by any temperance lecturer since the days of Dr. Trotter, or any political orator of the age of 1840, when the whole country was convulsed from its confines to its centre, and the yeomanry induced to quit their more productive vocations to pursue the idle vision of their morbid imaginations filled with what was never known to supply the hungry cravings of their empty stomachs or the forlorn condition of their cadaverous pockets with two dollars a day and roast beef. This *norater* having been removed by the Governor as a common Justice of the Peace in that vicinity, imagined his dignity greatly outraged, and the public interest suffering from such a calamity took this method of expressing his mortification and chagrin at so unlooked for and important an occurrence in the history of the State, by a "short discussion of vendigations" from the hustings, and had for the occasion collected together many old English authorities of Henry VIII, which he displayed on the head of an empty whiskey barrel with considerable arrangement, and the time for discussion now arriving and the crowd gathering too thickly around this stump of "vendigations" our *norater* became suddenly intimidated, his ardor failed him, and half convulsed he concluded his whole "discussion of vendiga-

tions" by placing one hand upon this collection of old musty volumes and one foot on the head of the barrel, slowly pronouncing in a gutteral tone—' that he was sure that there was enough law in them *there* books to satisfy any man livin on the face of the yearth that they had no right to displace him as a Justice of the Peace of Anne Arundel County." AN EYE WITNESS.

The gate-post production is as follows:

"the Subscriber respectfully solicits the presence of his Fellow Citizens on Saturday the 15th inst., at 11 o'clock at the Cross roads near Mr. Thomas Davidson's store, where he will deliver a short *descussion of vendigations against some malicious desdasters exhibited against him as your public servant of malconduct, where he is in hopes that any person or persons that conceives themselves interested will provide their orator to reply to him.* J****H N*******N.

April 11th, 1826.

HENRY A. WISE.

COMPOSED on a certain occasion when the celebrated Henry A. Wise unexpectedly dropped through Annapolis on his way to Washington, and though his hands fresh reeking in the blood of the lamented SILLY, in whose murder he had been so recently instrumental, yet, because he bore some ill-got titles from head-quarters, he was attended to the train of cars by many of the would-be-gentry of that metropolis—and as much taggled after, as if he had been Gen. Washington himself after crossing the Deleware river the day before the battle of Trenton in December 1776.

'TWAS all so nice when Henry Wise
Came up to our town,
Some ran to see and noticed be,
By one of such renown.
Did he, did he, did he, did he smile upon you all,
Or did he, did he, did he, did he notice you at all?

A crowd there was for little ease,
Assembled at the cars,
Some said of course he was a horse,
And some the son of Mars.
Did you, did you, did you come up to the cars,
Did you, did you, did you see this son of Mars?

But let me ask your senses task,
And tell the naked truth,
If e'er you saw at church or law,

So bad a looking youth.
Did you, did you, did you, did you see this ugly youth,
Will you, will you, will you, will you speak the naked truth?

Lavater says—and him I'll praise,
Oracular and learned,
And when you look into his book,
This knave must be discerned.
Will you, will you, will you, will you look into this book,
Will you, will you, will you, won't you take an honest look?

And there you'll see a haggard wretch,
Reduced, though not by time,
The devil himself could hardly match
This villian steep'd in crime.
Does he, does he, does he, does he wear the assassin's mark,
Would he, would he, would he, would he stab you in the dark?

OLD MOSER.

THE last night before the members of the "Crow Club" took their departure and final leave of their old valet "Moser."

THE gloomy night is gathering on,
The prospect drawing closer,
When every honest "Crow Club" son
Will part from honest "Moser."

Whose good intent hath always been,
To work and not be loser,
For the shiney-button gentlemen
Attended to by "Moser."

Another verse I now will weave,
By way of final closer,
And ask your honors to relieve
The wants of honest "Moser."

For a wife hath he, and baby too,
And ever body knows her,
Then try my friends what ye can do
For them and honest "Moser."

Second Edition of the Mayorship of Billy of the Shears & Goose.

THE second edition of Billy O' Brannagan, who we all know in his important character of "Lord *Mare* of London;" by desire of McRockitts. It seems that on this occasion a poor but inoffensive citizen named McRockitts was riding on the street in front of his lordship's dwelling, when, unperceived by the rider, a lad was passing that way, but by no means in danger of being rode on, when some officious loafer remarked that if he were not more careful he would ride over the boy. McRockitts replied in his usual quaint manner—"that in case he did so he could get another as good." This, unluckily for poor Mc. fell within ear-shot of the *sensitive* mother, who became so affected and so disconsolate at the mere supposition of such a case that her other fraction was forthwith called into requisition with all its

ministerial powers to abet it, and lo and beho'd—in less than no time poor Mc. found himself a *goner*, in a state of incarceration, and but for the friendly offices of a gentleman who kindly came to the rescue by paying the forfeit unjustly imposed for words so inadvertently spoken on the public street, he might for all we know have remained in custody for and at least during the reign of the then King of Flanders.

"Lot's wife we read, in days of old,
For one rebellious halt,
Was turned as we are plainly told
Into a lump of salt."

In days of yore, when men were pure,
And consequential too,
Jehovah made his law 'tis said,
To govern all below.

But by surprise, now upstarts rise
And Scriptures bid defiance,
They turn d—n fools, and make new rules,
And place in them reliance.

But let me ask, your senses task,
And tell us once for all,
If e'er 'twas known by any one,
Since father Adam's fall—
That such an ass, with so much brass,
As we have now for mare,
Could e'er presume, within that room
To occupy the chair ?

I tell you no, and I can shew,
That mares in ancient days,
Could never rise by such surprise,
When they had mulish ways.

But mud is up, and who can stop
The tide that 's setting in,
Upon our shores the surf it throws,
The like hath never been.

For one year past to April last,*
This tide began its flood,
Bringing forth its filth and froth
All mixed up with the mud.

This mare of late—once man of state,
A broke-down swindler placed
By Governor Pratt—despite of that,
Although so much debased,
Among the books of state wi' looks
So artful and demure,
Unless ye knew his meaning true,
You'd think his heart was pure.

But a heart so base, ne'er found a place
Within the human chest,
Where base deceit and falsehood meet
And find so calm a rest—
Where conscience seared throws back again
The shaft that goads the heart,
And shields the harrowed soul from pain
That plays to base a part.

Where sycophancy lies, and fraud
All stand in bold relief,
And thus ye have this errand knave,
Of swindlers, he—the chief.
But to my story once again,

*His predecessor.

And all the facts therewith explain
Concerning this new stitch-louse Mayor,
And how he dignifies the chair.
This chair of state wi' *spacious bottom*,
Unlike the one he used to *sot* on,
Unless it be his tailor's board,
On which he used to sprattle—Lord.
He'll squat himself upon this seat,
And then he'll draw up both his feet,
And postured thus at ample ease,
On nothing but his rump and knees—
Would have you think he was as wise
As Solomon in ancient days.
And then so wisely will dispense
Each statute—law—and ordinance,
As ne'er was heard of in the land,
And which 'tis hard to understand.
In half an hour he will display
More law than Dorsey in a day—
To wring from me my hard earned plack,
For riding on the horse's back,
Along the street—the public track—
For going ahead without a halt,
For being a man instead of salt;
For speaking with a stentor voice,
Because it was a freeman's choice—
For speaking with a freeman's tongue,
As on the street I chanced to gang,
About this tailor's puney young—
For saying that should I hurt his son
That I could get a better one.
For this alone, and this it was
That he did so abuse the laws,

To mulct me in a heavy fine
To please this gender feminine—
Whose feeble, weak, and tender nerve
Must have revenge, or she will prove
Refractory to her *tailor-love ;*
Mount the l——e and ride him straddle,
Without a briddle, or a saddle,
Bear the bit and ride him harder,
Without his hay, his oats, or fodder,
Unless he will such victims punish,
As she would have this l—e admonish.
O the nips, and grips, and loathsome bites,
Inflected by such lousy *mites,*
To please a nervous *gender* fair,
Endowed with notions *ne'er so rare.*

Now let us take another view,
And paint the tailor no less true,
And ask Sir Stitche how it is—
That negroes do so much amiss,
And never fall within the notice,
Of Billy of the pants and cotus ?
These darkies drive on, Jehu like,
As if upon the nation's pike,
They'll drive up first then down the street,
Nor care they whom they chance to meet—
Although it be this tailor's son,
That they perchance *mite* ride upon,
Yet not one word to them is said,
No startling nervous fears betrayed—
No darkey mulcted in a fine
To please his gender femenine,
Although his fault be worse than mine.
Although he drives his dray or cart,

Or rides his ass, or horse for sport,
Yet not one word is known to pass
To them, from this degraded ass,
By way of kind expostulation,
Or even gracious admonition
To warn them of their false position.

These darkies nightly take the street,
In crowds these darkies darkies meet
And throng the pavements every where,
With shouts and yells they rend the air;
There never was such discord known
As now disturbs this ancient town.
And last of all, tho' not the least,
We'll point ye to another pest,
Arising from a *fresh supply*,
Of the gambling hordes fraternity,
'Gainst whose approach the laws are strong,
Despite of which these gamblers throng,
Assisted by this lousy loon,
To infest this *once respected town.*
Encouraged by this *mitey* Mayor,
To emigrate and gamble here—
In proof of which 'tis well to add,
That he 's the same, the noted lad,
Who, at our recent county court,
Went bail for *Jake* of lawless sport,
In no less sum than he desired,
But all the court and law required
To extricate his gambling friend,
And gratify some selfish end.
For true 'tis rumored—people say,
That Billy works by *night* and day,
But never works without his pay.

Tho' what the gambler paid the tailor,
When he became the gambler's *bailor*,
Remains a secret no less dark
Than all this tailor's midnight work.
Then townsmen won't ye look around,
And don't you feel in honor bound
To free yourselves from such disgrace,
As now pervades this ancient place?
Permute the trash that holds the station,
That heads the city corporation,
For one that hath some sense and breeding,
Whose name and nature 's not degrading?

Then freemen rise and shake yourselves,
Shake off such shameless, lousy elfs,
As sprattle bout wi' foxy wig,
And holds itself sae *mitey* big.
"You ugly, creepin', blastit wonner,
"Detested, shunn'd, by saint and sinner,"
How dare ye set ye'r a—e upon it,
Sae fine a cushion—
That tailor's board—go squat down on it,
Aye that's the notion.

LAMENT.

LAMENT to the White House by Gen. Taylor, during the canvass for the Presidency, when he had good reason to believe from his inconsistent course that he could not be elected.

"How lang and painful is the hour
"That stifles respiration,

"How dark the clouds that o'er me lower,
"That blights my aspiration:
"Too strangely felt to be subdued
"When selfish passion rules,
"Too *strang* to be misunderstood,
"That inkling for thine halls."
For oh could I but once inhale,
The gentle zephyrs there,
It would unfold a lasting tale,
To desponding *Zachariah.*
For a' the lanely nights sae lang,
And a' my dreams *sae eerie,* (*fright/ul.*)
I waking hear thy midnight sang—
"*Thou never cans't come near me.*"
When mem'ry turns to follies past,
And scans the pledges made,
Then sternly adds—"why did'st thou blast
"*The corner stone once laid.*"
Where promise, pledge, nor party strife
Could ever come within,
To blur my bright, unsullied life,
Or desecrate the scene,
How slowly move the pondrous days
Of sad suspense, alas,
That throw their bright refulgent rays
On the fields of Gen. Cass,
Whose future home within thy walls,
I in the distance see,
For a homestead in thy gilded halls
"Is nót design'd for me."
Then why in my delusiveness,
Did I renounce my creed, (*a no-party man.*)
Or in my wild unconsciousness,
Have own'd the fatal deed?

Or why despoil the glories won,
In hard tried battles, gained—
Why not have been like WASHINGTON,
"*My plighted faith sustained*?"
My fame then coupl'd with that chief,
Henceforward doom'd to stand
A monument—in bold relief,
Throughout proud freedom's land.

GOOD BLOOD.

ANNAPOLIS, March, 1848.

Dear Sir—Like an old cobbler of this place, who, at the late Presidential election, undertook one day to turn *poet*, and after making a "Clay ditty," as he termed it, was so highly pleased that whenever he began to rehearse it to his party cronies he couldn't get over three lines, before, despite of himself, he would fall into the tune of "Old Dan Tucker" and finish the rest of it to music, so in this way the good people of the place were indebted to the old cobbler, not only for his production, but also for its musical delivery, and just so* it is with me whenever a fox dog becomes the subject on which I have to talk or write, that there is such a strange infatuation takes hold of me, that for the very soul of me I can't help (as the old cobbler did with Henry Clay) trying my wings on rhyming, "prose run mad," or something else equally unpardonable in me and unprofitable to the friend who may perchance be taxed with the reading of it—all in this case I ask, is to be spared the rebuff which met the old cobbler bantling soon after its appearance in the world, going thus—

"When cobblers turn'd to poets be, and tak to makin' rhymes,
Ilk mithers son willtnen agree that these are awful times."

And then running back into the old cobbler's kit, it left him destitute of lapstone, wax, or bristles; and he would have given his last and pledged his awl to extricate him from the dilemma in which he was drawn by his own emerity—and if you are to be taxed as above mentioned

the sooner you get into it the better, as the agony will be the sooner ended and all the additional excuse I can offer, is that the blood of this dog I send you is so exquisitely fine that I thought as young fools never fail to think about the lasses, that it could be the better described in ballad form than in any other way.

FRIEND PATTERSON, I send you on
The dog you ask'd me send you,
And if he 's good, as right he should,
I hope he'll not offend you.
For blood you know, will always show,
Where the best of breeding lies.
That makes the hound, of true renown
Complete ye'r earthly joys.
For if alloy or aught destroy
That good old Saxon blood,
I'll plainly show—as all must know,
His standing can't be good.
Then from this breed if you succeed,
And raise a thrifty pack,
I do vouchsafe, ye'll never have,
A dog to quit the track;
But skelp it on frae morn 'till noon,
Thro' hail, and rain, and fire,
And if ye run him *in the moon*,
Will ne'r be seen to tire.
And if he runs upon the earth,
He'll ne'er be seen to flag,
But prove his pure intrinsic worth,
And never cross a leg.

Then shall ye'r hills, ye'r dells, and dales,
Resound with music free,
Of vocal sort—O! glorious sport,
From dogs received of me.

Like Solomon in days of yore,
His time is run, but short;
Unlike the same he don't give o'er,
But takes his wonted sport,
Unlike him then, he is not vain,
But doeth his master's will,
Hath run before, and will again
Perform his duty still.
Unlike us all, who oft have seen
So many suns return,
Altho' the foremost he hath been,
Is never heard to mourn,
But when a chance is shew'n him yet,
He'll taggle on behind,
For seems to feel the least regret,
Or trouble on his mind,
That younger dogs now lead the way,
As he hath doné before,
Content that he hath *seen his day*,
And who could ask for more?
None save yourse1 who'd mercy ask
In these alarming times,
To save you from the awful task
Of reading doggrel rhymes.

MIDNIGHT SUCKERS.

WRITTEN on a summer night in 184– in reference to a gang of Uncle Sam's b'hoys of the Naval School at A——s, who were in the daily habit of raising a certain portion of the city at every nightfall contiguous to the writer's location, by all sorts of sights and sounds, too intolerable to be borne with impunity by one who felt no deeper interest in the scenes before him, than the humble author of the lines.

"OLD ballads sing of chevy-chase,
"Beneath whose rueful shade,
"Full many a valiant warrior laid,
"And many a widow made."

But I will sing of things for all
That nightly mar my peace,
Where the pug-dogs howl, and caterwaul,
Is never known to cease.

Where the music's dull, discordant sound,
From ding-dong old banjo,
Dooms me each night that rolls around,
My slumbers to forego.

I love to linger on my couch,
That gives to me my rest,
I love to sit down in my porch,
And not to feel distress'd.

I love to see a moment's ease,
Within my domicil,

I love retirement—if I please,
I love a resting spell.

I love to see my babies sleep,
And not disturb'd by b'hoys,
Don't love to see them wake and weep,
By such infernal no-ise.

We get to rest so late at night,
'Tis all but morning dawn,
And then awake up in a fright
By the ice-man's curs'd horn. (*Brewer's Harry.*)

That comes to blow his morning dirge,
By the way of ready chorus,
To the music play'd so loud and large,
On the night that 's gone before us.

This ice dispensed—the darkey gone,
No longer thinks to tarry.
He cracks his whip—he belts his horn,
And a-w-ay goes iceman Harry.

The fluid next that comes around—
That fresh nutritious milk,
Tho' not in "*icey fetters bound,*"
Is always "fine as silk."

From basins, crocks, and cleanly pans,
Arrang'd within that dairy,
On the rich and fertile joining lands
Of the neighboring Mr. M***y.

And if perchance we snooze again,
This milk-boy springs his bell,

Repose or rest is all in vain,
We had better be in h—l.

Then I will ask the world to say—
What peace there be in store,
When midnight suckers wind their way,
Almost within my door,

From the fetid haunts of Rosinstall,
As busy rumors say—
Surcharged with potent alcohol,
On the close of every day,

Then diddle on their old tin pans,
And shake their buttons bright,
Display their caps and tinsil bands,
So late on every night?

Where gleaming flames of liquid fire,
Th' affrighted visions meet,
And *woman* cloth'd in man's attire,
So bold and indiscreet,
Throws off the mantle nature knows
Whereby *her sex* to *ken*, (*know.*)
Then o'er her tainted body throws
The habiliments of man.

Now if to God offence I give,
Or to any of his creatures,
Or cause one soul on earth to grieve,
That wears the *forked breeches*—
I'd humbly ask them to forgive,
And grant to me their pardon,
Just let me weave my rhyme, and live
To dig my little garden.

And thus remain in durance vile
Among my corns and beans,
Where 'tis so hard to reconcile
These *banjo—tamborines.*

This speckled covey owns a lark,
That sings for one and all,
And not unlike the owl at dark,
That quits its loathsome hole—
To screech and hoot, and hoot and screech,
Long side his old "guitar,"
'Till the dogs and cats within its reach
Rise in one common row—
That makes the streets and porches ring,
Before this concert closes,
For the way this *bird* is known to sing,
Is a caution unto *Moses.*

Conrad Vender's Epitaph.

On the disinterment and beheading of Conrad Vender by some one unknown to common decency as to the writer of this epitaph.

Beneath this cold and silent sod,
Poor Conrad found repose,
Withdrawn from all save Conrad's God,
To take his final *snooze.*

Lone tenant of this narrow vault,
Excluded from the day,
He laid for his rebellious fault,
Entombed and stow'd away.

'Till heartless man, the hireling slave,
Could raise the heedless dead;
Could desecrate the sacred grave,
And steal poor Conrad's head.

Beneath this mound his body lies,
A headless, ghastly sight,
May it never to the surface rise,
To offend the injured light.

May he who severed Conrad's head,
Swing on the gibbet pole,
To atone for this unholy deed,
E'er the devil gets his soul.

THE PRIDE OF WOMEN.

The pride of women now-a-days,
Never was in Eve our mother,
To see their bustles how they raise,
One story behind another.
To give the swing, to raise the rump
Two feet abaft the spine,
To make the rump look round and plump,
Of this gender feminine.
See her muffs of flowing hair,
Now driving down the streets,
Waving in the rustling air,
Imploring all she meets—
To look asklent when she may pass,

Upon her bustled stern,
And hence to know, but O! alas!
What few have now to learn—
That modern woman is not such
As women used to be,
When nature's bustles used to reach
Just down behind the knee.
A modern ancle used to claim
Much eclat in the land,
But now tis only left to name,
A wallet full of sand.
These ancles claiming highest praise,
Should not be large but neat,
And tapering off, Lavater says—
With their modest little feet.
But O! my life, how awful strange,
How odd this matter looks,
That woman should not wish to change
These bustles into books,
By which to read that wily man
Employs his mispent time
To lay his schemes—mature his plan,
To lead them into crime.
Her bustles then would she reverse,
When ruin triumph'd o'er her,
Instead of bustles on her ——,
She'd have them all before her.

LAMENT.

WRITTEN for a gentleman, since dead, who was deploring the departure of a friend to whom he professed to be greatly attached, and who, as he predicted at the time, he should never see in this world again.

Is it thus we're doom'd to sever,
And is it thus we part my friend,
And is it thus we part forever,
And is it thus our concourse end?
And am I destined thus to lose thee,
To part with one I love so dearly,
Then why thy presence hence refuse me,
When I feel it so severely?

Congenial friendship, so true-hearted,
Ne'r had'st found so pure a birth
In souls by fate forever parted,
In their transient stay on earth.
Yet there 's consolation given,
Sweeter far than earthly bliss,
It is that we shall meet in Heaven,
Where no future parting is.

SEPT. 10th, 1850.

LAMENT

FOR AN IRISH GIRL.

LAMENT for the fate of one of Erin's deluded daughters, emigrating to America to improve her condition—but alas for her, poor confiding stranger, she fell a dupe to the artifice and seductive intrigues of a base deceptious monster.

YE native poets cans't thou raise
Ye'r notes full high in modern days,
To sing of her who cross'd the strand,
To seek a refuge in ye'r land—
Who left her home, her kindred dear,
To seek a genial shelter here ?
Who left old Erin's verdant isle,
To find a more congenial soil,
Who ventured o'er the briny wave,
To share with thee a common grave,
To sing of her who hapless sought
A home, to her too dearly bought—
A home to her of sad disgrace,
Which time itself can ne'er efface.

Thou Milford Bard, why dost thou sleep,
And leave this injured one to weep,
Unpitied and unsung by thee,
Whose notes are all so full and free,
Whose song is full of melody ?
Whose tuneful cadence full and soft,
We wander o'er again and oft—
That nature hath so bounteous been,
To *thee aboon* all either men—

And yet ye silent thus remain,
Nor pour thy purest fervent strain
Upon the sad and listening ear,
Of injured worth so proud to hear
In honest phrase her story told,
In language true, in accents bold,
To have her story in a word,
Portray'd by thee—by eithers heard.
Then wake thy muse in tuneful lyre,
Each generous, noble soul inspire,
To wreak dread vengeance on the head
Of him, whose hand would not be staid—
Of him who mar'd the virgin fame
Of her, who bears the Irish name—
Of her who came to seek for friends
'Mongst strangers and in distant lands.
But O alas! she sought in vain,
Her pleasures soon were turned to pain—
She scarce had on your borders trod,
When a reckless reptile, vile as rood,
Assailed her person, blur'd her fame,
And stamp'd on her the *harlot's name.*
Ye vile, ye ruthless, midnight fiend,
To virtue lost, to vice resigned,
Of hellish mien, and brutish mind—
Why could ye play so base a part?
Possess ye not the human heart?
Possess ye not one spark that fires
The human soul with chaste desires?
Possess ye no redeeming trait,
That makes us honest, wise, or great?
Then may the darkest, blackest stain,
On thy escutcheon hence remain.
Now lives there not one human soul

Beneath the sun from pole to pole—
Who hath a female's right to claim
Protection of thy kindred name?
A sister—mother in the land,
To claim protection at thine hand?
Another yet more dear than life,
A lov'd and much devoted wife—
Who holds undoubted right to claim
Protection of thy kindred name,
When foes assail and friends are few,
Who had the right to look to you—
Who had the right to look to one
Who held the title of a son?
To look to thee—and not another,
Who dignified the name of brother—
To look to thee in days of strife,
And claim protection as a wife.
But now alas! their shield is gone,
Their staff is broke—their brother—son,
Declares by his unholy life,
That mother—sister—stranger—wife,
Would be disgraced could they but ask
Of thee a common kinsman's task,
Would be degraded in the land,
To seek protection at thine hand.

And have ye no respect for God,
Whose mandates always firmly stood—
Denouncing vengance on the one
Who dares presume to trample on
His laws and precepts as they stand,
In every clime and every land,
Who hath in righteous judgment said—
That on ye'r vile and wicked head,

My cup of wrath shall be diffused,
In vengance shall be freely used.
Then what I would present ye next,
Ye'll find in this most sacred text:
"Therefore all things whatsoever
Ye'd have another do to thee,
Do thus to him and this will ever
Set thy guilty conscience free.

TRIO.

Composed on a certain occasion when the writer of this imperfect sketch was located on the inner side of a pair of green venitian shutters, inhaling the "gentle zephyrs there," when the first two gentlemen took a stand on the outer side, where they were shortly afterwards joined by the third, which unavoidably afforded an opportunity for all the edification which a silent and unknown member to such a party, could have derived from a location so extremely favorable as the one in question.

As Dick and ——, that hoary pair,
Were strolling forth to catch the air
Before my window in the street,
Then who d'ye think they chanc'd to meet?
Why, moonshine Billy, lately made
"Lord Mayor of Denmark," as 'tis said.
Now Mayors we read in days of yore,
Were consequential, wise, and pure;
But Lord have mercy on us all,
How men as well as titles fall.
Look back three years, then will you say,
There's honor at the present day,
In holding office so abused,

In wearing honors so reduced?
But to my story once again—
As here these worthies still remain,
And here they stood, and here surveyed,
And there such knowing looks displayed.
Old —— oggled all the time,
His looks so Godly—so sublime,
He look'd at Bill, then smil'd at Dick,
Thinks I—O! what a hopeful clique.
They talk'd the affairs of nations o'er,
Of Jackson's great and mighty power—
How Polk could this whole world subdue,
How break down States, how build up new;
What mighty wars he would create,
And mighty questions could debate.
Old ——'s looks were so demure,
So good, so righteous, and so pure,
His smiles angelic—so sublime,
To tell you less would be a crime—
His oggling looks were so delightful,
To tell him less would be ungrateful.
Anon they'd speak of Doctor Jim,
And then *his* visage turn so grim
As on the whigs he would let loose,
Invective and the worst abuse,
That human slang could utter forth,
Whether it be, or not the truth.
He'd then cast off that sad grimace,
Resume his bright angelic face,
Then smile and turn upon the clique,
And thus in heavenly accents speak—
"That little lodge that bears due north (*Treasury.*)
From the senate chamber, and so forth,
The Doctor soon must occupy,

Or I will know the reason why.
For James and I you all must know,
Go in for lucre not for show,
The kelt we'll have despite of h–ll,
And don't you think we might as well?
Men, you know in forty-two,
It then was said I was not true—
But by the gods that gave me life,
I made a right and holy strife,
And thought if we could 'malgamate,
'Two'd be the best for *church* and state;
And then I'd get to be the sheriff,
Whether against or for the tariff.
But by the gods there was a lad
That set the people staring mad,
Despite of all that Lee and I
Could do by truth or any way,
He beat me out of all conceit,
I never was so badly beat.
And as the late sheriff can't do it again,
He has an own brother that possibly can; (*for Sh'ff.*)
Then let me advise ye, my good honest friends,
That on your exertions much profit depends;
For should I be beaten again in the strife,
And left poor and dependent at this time of life—
Tis hard now to tell you what then might befal me,
An untimely grave might open and call me.

Old friends will ye listen once more to the truth,
And don't have it said that this flat-headed youth,
Is to beat an old vetran imbued in the cause,
Of sheriffs and jailors, and all sorts of laws.
You know it was said in the days of my youth,
That I thought it a crime then, to tell you the truth,

But now as I am getting so near to the grave,
Your patience I ask, your attention I crave,
Whilst I tell you the office I seek at your hands,
Has enriched me with money, beside all my lands,
And to tell you I am poor, would be all in vain,
For I have plenty in store, in case of a rain.

But that is no matter we'll talk about Tongue,
And the money I've lost since the days I was young,
And humbug the folks into any belief,
Enlist in my favor their pity and grief;
For humbugs you know I have at command,
'Tis a fort behind which, I glory to stand,
To catch the unwary who cannot foretell
The frauds and deception I practice so well.
Then speak of Elijah the prophet of old,
And say what amount he hath cost me in gold—
The amount I've paid unto sheriffs and banks,
And for which I have got neither money nor thanks.
Then tell of the thousands and millions I've lost,
In paying off judgments with interest and cost,
For you my dear Richard as well as the rest,
When times were oppressive and you were oppress'd,
When the post office matter hung heavily on,
I then was your father and you were my son—
My name to your service I willingly gave,
Your feelings, your credit, your honor to save."

Then Richard up spoke and made his reply—
"Who has done for the party more service than I?
My service is worth all the money in town,
I can take to the polls old Frazier and Brown.
They never have faltered in voting, 'tis true,
But still they belong to the wavering crew,

Who require to be nudged on the days of election,
In order to get and retain their affection.

Remember when I stood the test
'Gainst democrats, aye, breast to breast,
We met the mob in Charles' street,
And there the rascals did defeat.
Then who will say that I'm not worth
Aye, forty men like you in truth—
When I could face the worst of mobs,
Despite of all their fists and clubs.
Beside I fought the present clerk,
Without a pistol or a dirk,
And all I received was a bullet of lead,
Which stuck in my annis instead of my head.
And next the bold Cheves I met on the hill,
He wish'd me explain him my meaning and will;
I had a shelalah as thick as my wrist,
Which I laid on his caput instead of my fist—
I took him a blow 'long side of the head,
And laid him so low that I thought he was dead,
He laid for a while upon the cold ground,
But when he got up I couldn't be found;
He looked all around and looked for the cane,
For on such a turf I couldn't remain,
For the tracks I had made as I came down the street,
Would have killed every piss-ant I happen to meet.
He sent me a challenge, I would not accept,
Don't you think I was right? for so far I've kept
My skin yet unbroken and without many holes,
And never miss voting when I go to the polls.

VACCINATION.

LINES sent to Dr. D———n, of Baltimore City enclosing a vaccine crust, taken from the arm of the author by the Doctor's especial desire, on account of the extremely healthy condition of the patient.

FRIEND DAVIDSON I send ye on,
The scab you'd have me send you,
And if 'tis good—as right it should,
I trust 'twill not offend you.

For blood you know, must always flow
In veins as pure as mine,
To make the crust, in which ye trust,
Of matter-pure vaccine.

For if disease, or what you please,
Should putrify the blood,
I'll plainly show as all must know,
This matter can't be good.

Then from *this crust*, there surely must
The purest cases come,
For human blood is always good,
When purified by rum.

Then let your town of pock'd renown,
Receive it free and full,
This matter now—not from the cow,
But from the *village bull.*

For cows you know, some years ago,
But not the bull or ox,

Bore on their teat, this vaccine pit,
The sovereign cure for p–x.

Though let me ask, your senses task,
And tell us once for all,
That when diffused, and freely used,*
Might not its merits fall?

It looks so strange it should not change,
Its nature and its fame,
When man and beast, to say the least,
Are surely not the same.

I grant ye now, the vaccine cow
May pure disease impart,
But second-hand ye may depend,
Would not be worth a f—t.

That this disease, may by degrees,
Wear altogether out,
By rumming through *our system* you
Can have but little doubt.

Then why contend my learned friend,
That scabs from human arms,
Could leave your patient—convalesent,
And free from all alarms.

*Going from one person to another.

A FROG STORY.

To a lady who had nicely prepared, and kindly forwarded to the writer, a "bull-frog" so highly esteemed in those days by *epicureans* as the most savory dish that the changing seasons could afford.

KIND Madam, I in truth did try
Your bull-frog to devour,
But the more I ate, from dish or plate,
In that disastrous hour,
Convinced me still—against *your will*,
That they were ne'er invented
For human food, or ever could
Be for our use intended.

Then do excuse—nor don't abuse
The taste I here display,
When I regret I cannot eat
The frog you send to-day.

Tho' in my pranks, I tender thanks,
For this, your kind intention,
And now confess—could do no less,
Than to make this grateful mention.

HUSBAND AND WIFE.

These first six lines were clipped from a newspaper, and handed to the author, who forthwith wrote the husband's reply herewith subjoined.

TO THE HUSBAND.

"Speak kindly to her, little dost thou know
"What utter wretchedness—what hopeless woe
"Hang on the bitter words—that stern reply,
"The cold demeanor and reproving eye,
"The death-steel pierces not with keener dart,
"Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.'

The reply of the husband professing his past unconsciousness produced by the use of ardent spirits.

These words unkind to her alone may seem,
When reason sleeps, and all to him 's a dream,
His soul unconscious, may some looks impart,
To grieve her much, and pain that trusting heart.

No wretch on earth could half such bliss forego,
As he who sins, yet sinning durs't not know,
'Till roused again by reason on her throne,
How fatal 'tis to live and sin unknown.

Speak kindly to him, little dost thou think,
That thy kind words should change his potent drink
To limpid waters, such as Moses brought

By God's command, when he the marble smote,
When Israel's host upon the desert stood,
A faithful, famished, fainting multitude.

Dash from his lips the deadly alcohol,
That he shall spurn—forever—spurn the fatal bowl,
There 's nothing so endearing as the ties that bind
The heart to heart, by sober sense—refined.

ANNAPOLIS DARKIES.

On hearing a banjo song in which all the important niggers of Annapolis were spoken of, excepting two yet more important from the distinguished positions they then held at the Navy School, one as suiter, and the other as barber. These two colored gemmen could not be surpassed for their consequence, even in the city of Philadelphia. The latter having gone as a servant to Judge Buchannan and others to Europe, and whilst there, contracted for the importation of much costly cutlery in his line of business from Sheffield, and which, on its arrival was greatly sought after and purchased up at extravagant prices, something like seven dollars a pair for razors, etc.

And dare 's a couple more dose dinkies dat stays
about de fort,
One fills de middy's mouf up, and de oder scrapes his
troat,
He shaves but very little above the black cravat,
And den he charges double price—not what you
tink ob dat.

Dare was neber two sich niggers dat Uncle Sam
cud bring,
As Moses Lake de barber, and dat yaller feller
King—
For Mose is bin to Europe a trying ob his skill,
A mighty great importer ob de best of British steel.
He would hab ye'r name put in full upon the blade,
When it wasn't wuf a dam—as ebry body said—
And den would make a charge, seven dollars for de
pair,
Double price for a shave—and de same for cutting
hair.
And as for sutler King, wid his yellow cook's com-
mission,
He tinks he is an honor to de maratime profession,
He swaggers on de pavement and den upon de street,
And carries sich a swarf, dat he 's very hard to beat.
He rolls about de market just like a butcher's dog,
Den fills his little go-cart, wid poultry, beef and hog;
Annoys the LITTLE COBBLER dat used to buy so cheap,
De chickens for de big-bugs—he didn't want to keep.

Now as we tuck sich pains to paint dese navy niggers,
Will tell you 'bout dar fair sex, and all dar lubly fig-
gers,
Fur den I'd hab you know, dar's a certain Sally
Brown,
Dat captiwates de *Harts*, as beats away up town.
She got her hand so cut, and her head so badly broke,
And wasn't dat a hard case, *Massa Billy* at a stroke?
O yes it was Miss Sally Brown—but how could I
prevent it,
De sheriff struck you way up town, but surely shall
repent it—

For Ned you know and I—dat deal wid all de niggers,
Our best will surely try, to protect your lubly figgers.

Late Candidates for the Mayoralty of Baltimore.

"Old ballads sing of chevy chase,
"Beneath whose rueful shade,
"Full many a valiant warrior laid,
"And many a widow made."

But I will sing of things for all,
That come in days of late,
'Bout the hero of the mutton stall,
Too dreadful to relate.
He vow'd the city never had
Been so disturb'd before,
Lord Jerome and himself array'd
Themselves in Baltimore.
Aye, toe to toe in firm phalanx,
As whigs and Rheubenites,
Against the democratic ranks
In hostile rowdy fights.
Then awake, arise, ye men of might,
The glorious day is come,
When the whigs as well as Rheubenites,
Will go for John Jerome.
The morning 's bright, the air serene,

Don't loiter at ye'r home,
But take the street as honest men,
And go for John Jerome.
For he's the people's nominee,
To guard ye'r dearest rights,
Then let us all for once agree,
To go it—Rheubenites.

ON THE NOMINANION OF JAMES K. POLK.

ONE whig writing to another on the nomination of JAS. K. POLK for President of the United States, when Henry Clay was heard to exclaim in a desponding tone as soon as he got the information: "Beat again by G–d."

MY dearest friend this truth I send,
Nor don't you think I joke,
They 've had their day, and Henry Clay
Has got an awful Polk.

We hop'd at first—*and that 's the worst*—
They could not get a man,
But oh, alas! it is not Cass,
Nor is it *little Van.*

He is a man of such renown,
As every body talk,
He is a man, and who could scan
The worth of Jemmy Polk.

For people say, that Henry Clay
Is more than overmatched,

And if 'tis so, what shall we do?
By Coons *we* shall be scratched.

In answer to the foregoing by a Jackson democrat, who marked the movements of the other party in 1840.

James K. Polk 's our surest prop,
Our first, our last, and fondest hope,
Then onward press, and never stop,
To beat old cooney Clay;
For Polk and Dallas are the men,
To tree this old Coon in his den,
To catch and skin him o'er again,
And gain the glorious day.
These knavish wags in days of old,
They promised beef—they promised gold—
This beef they promis'd hot or cold,
And baked and roasted too;
But did they make their promise good—
To feed and pay you as they should,
To give ye money—give ye food,
Ye'r foolish coonskin crew?

Now let me tell de fools to look,
To eat de bait and not de hook,
For dat's de way de used to took,
To fool de stupid folks—
To make *um* think de bate was good,
Was wholesome, holy, precious food,
But mighty precious gracious God,
'Twas nothing else but hooks.

But now dese Coons dey look so shame,
They find you know they was to blame,
They want to steal another name,
And quit the name of whig;

But we will let these *varmints* see,
That freemen never will agree
To let them take another tree,
And look so mighty big.
We's got um in the hollow gum,
From which these coons shall neber come
To taste de cider or de rum,
Or dance another jig.

AN OPPRESSED DEBTOR

In Court when the party was under the expectation of a heavy judgment being entered up against him by a relentless creditor, who was not disposed to allow such credits as he was entitled to, on the settlement between them.

"Old ballads sing of chevy chase,
Beneath whose rueful shade,
Full many a valiant warrior laid,
And many a widow made."

But I will sing of things much worse,
That come in days of late,
That emptied my old leather purse,
And seals poor Luby's fate.

Six thousand shiners must come forth,
To satisfy the claim,

'Twill take much more than Luby 's worth
To liquidate the same.

But every cent that Luby's got
Shall go, and something more
Be plank'd upon the very spot,
To satisfy the score.

A MULISH CASE.

A man taking down to A——lis in the time of Convention the "History of Christ" and the "Works of Shakespeare" to canvass for subscribers, and whilst gone, his employer had learnt with some surprise that his deputy had joined a mule drover and connected the traffic of his books with that of the mule, when in point of fact the deputy on reaching Baltimore, was surprised at receiving such information.

Talk runs I had joined with a bold Muleteer,
Who nobly recounted the dangers he met,
How he drove in his stock like a Western Hoosier,
And ne'er got a scratch on his finger as yet.
He vauntingly told of the shiners he made
By the bargain and sale of his broken down mules,
And that they who would not be engaged in the trade—
Were surely the meanest of *asses* and fools.
And then with a quizzical screw of the phiz
Would say, did you come to this ungodly place,
With books all in bundles, and swung to ye'r side,
Where the wits of the nation assembled preside,
With sense in their library that 's not in their head ?
Where the whigs are sustaining th' old constitution,
And Judges creating the utmost confusion,

Despite of the people to alter the plan,
They step to their music clean up to a man.
He questioned how peddlars got on with their maps,
With the portrait of *Jackson* and other old chaps—
How it goes with the scribblers of good doggrel rhymes,
As vended *down there* in Convention times,
With popular pieces and heroic ditties,
As offered for sale in the various cities?
And then by the way of rejoinder would add—
That "he was the thrifty, the prosperous lad,
"And I were the last of the peddling fools
"That would not assist him in selling his mules;
"For then riding round to the numerous folks,
"Would double my chances for selling of books;
"For the mule so unlike his old sire, the Jackass,
"Instead of a gambol puts off in a pace,
"Which makes it delightful to ride o'er the place."
The history of Christ he likewise foretold,
Would enrichen the coffers to any amount
If put in the trade and properly sold,
And placed to the foot of the common account.
To this I demurred and strongly objected,
As business like this could not be connected—
For if the mule got a kick at the History of Christ,
He would send it as far as the east from the west.
Or if then perchance he should throw back his ear,
And get a full glimpse at the works of Shakespeare
The risk I'd encounter I could not foretell,
For the books and the agent would be kick'd into h-ll.
And then to return to head-quarters again,
With matters so gloomy for changing the plan
Would be what a peddler could never endure,
So here I will close it and scribble no more.

An Irish Fight.

On listening to an Irish individual describing the settlement of a difficulty with an adversary from the same quarter of the globe, after the fashion of Tom Hyer and Yankee Sullivan, and who was no less disposed to employ words in recapitulating the exploit, than was found expedient to use blows in liquidating this sanguinary conflict.

There came to my lodge a true son of old Bacchus,
Who boldly recounted the dangers he met,
How the day it was pass'd in a terrible fracas,
And he was alive and a kickin' as yet.

How he marched to the fields like Hyer of old,
When he met the bold Yankee in single combat,
How he smote to the earth his opponent—he told,
And ne'er got a scratch on his finger as yet.

How dark was the day—and eclipsed was the sun,
On account of this battle so deadly and fell;
How bravely he fought—and how nobly he won
This battle—our hero exulted to tell.

How he up wi' shilalagh and give him a dig,
That caused his opponent to shiver and shake,
How he roll'd up his eyes like a true Irish pig,
But the divil a word did he afterwards *spake*.

How the stars they grew dim—and the moon it was pale
At the sight of such horrible carnage and strife,
And the planets all fell—and the earth it stood still
To witness this mighty destruction of life.

MAYORALTY.

On the success of J. M. Turner, esq., in the late contest between him and J. W. W——s for the nomination for the Mayoralty of Baltimore city.

Now let us sing to points of honor,
Just tried in party caucus,
'Tween Watkins, Wess, and Mab'ry Turner,
Two gassing locofocos.

Where the *Turnerites* and the *Rheubenites*,
With all their lawless powers,
Rise up in rows against the laws,
In this great town of ours.

Where trowels, shovels, hods and spade,
Stand *versus* butcher's blocks,
But now by all the town 'tis said—
The sheep rejoice in flocks.

For the mutton butcher 's gained his cause,
And must *take the city chair*,
While the bricklayer as it always was,
Must work his lime and hair.

While blocks and benches stand array'd,
And hooks and cleavers too,
To decapitate the faithless head,
When the heart should not be true.

TO A

Child in Heaven.

LAMENT by the father of the little boy who was murdered a short time since in Baltimore city by a negro lad since tried and convicted of the crime.

ADIEU my *infant boy* adieu,
Thy days were few and short,
This world was not design'd for you,
A mangled corse thou art.

It seem'd as tho' by heavenly power,
My infant boy were given,
And I was then to bless the hour,
And bless a gracious Heaven—
That gave to me so rich a boon,
So great an earthly treasure,
And then bereft so sad, so soon,
Of all this worldly pleasure.

For aye, how soon it prov'd to me,
That fondest hopes decay,
For a ruthless fiend hath murdered thee,
And dragg'd my child away.

In bye-gone days at eventide,
My prayers were sent on high,
For thee my child, my earthly pride,
When ye would slumbering lie.

Tho' fiends lay low thine earthly corse,
And break down worldly ties,
There is a never-fading source
From which sweet comforts rise.

'Tis that unending store of bliss,
That kindred hearts enjoy,
That I shall hence *depart in peace*,
And join my *murdered boy*.

But say my dear departed form—
Was thine the only strife?
Thy parents too—they felt the storm
That cost to thee thy life.

Their barque it rides affliction's wave,
From stormy shore to shore,
But thou my child has't found a grave,
A rest forevermore.

Their barque it lashed the tempest high,
The source of all thy pain,
But thou my son wer't doom'd to die,
Whilst they as yet remain.

God gives to thee a better home,
Celestial and so bright,
Where the Lord hath said, ye righteous come
And set in endless light.

The Wreck Ohio.

Of that ill-fated ship,
That made the fearful trip
On the rough Atlantic coast
When all gave up for lost,
Let us sing in numbers strong,
Nor cease the faithful song
While the billow's awful surge,
And the mermaid's fitful dirge—
Now tell in accents wild,
What besets each hapless child,
Now toiling hard to save
From a dark and watery grave,
This sad devoted crew
That brought the steamer through,
By hard and manly strife,
To rescue human life,
In privation and fatigue,
When all were faint and weak,
Now standing all aghast,
From th' prow to mizzenmast—
Up rose a champion free,
Defied the raging sea
And bade the foaming billows do their worst.

And 'twas Howard stood th' foremost on the [deck
Of this ill-fated wreck,

Nor did he turn his back,
'Till he he saw the waters slack;
Now standing fifty inches in the hold,
While the sea it raged and rolled,
And the ship was not controlled,
And the whirlwinds took command
On this dark and stormy strand,
And blew as now two'd surely blow its last,
While the ship was torn and toss'd,
And all gave up for lost—
Our hero undismayed,
The tempest now surveyed,
Then bade the stormy wind to do its worst.

(*More anon.*)

FORT SEVERN.

WHEN Capt. GARDNER commanded Fort Severn with his Lieutenants, Drum and McCowan, and Dr. King as the surgeon.

WHEN canons roar from shore to shore,
And wake up every partner,
'Tis then we shall hear farther still,
From the gallant Capt. Gardner.

Who in days of yore hath lived secure
Upon the Severn banks, man,

But when 'tis right, will bravely fight
For his country and your thanks—man.

Lieutenant Drum will battle some,
For his country and its laws man,
And who could fight and not be right,
In such a noble cause, man?

There 's young McCowan, will shake the crown
Upon Victoria's head, man,
And if fortune once, but shows a chance,
Ye 'll find each foe a dead man.

Then to Dr. King your wounded bring,
And he will save their lives man,
That they may go, their wounds to show,
To their children and their wives, man.

SAWNY & SALL.

In this you have a faithful account of some domestic turmoils many years ago existing in this city, between a superannuated couple in matrimonial bondage, who, for many long and tedious winters previously to this important epoch have lived in strife, and she upon her part hath done every unkind thing towards him that woman could do to man, save to carry out that trifling portion of the engagements so solemnly entered into on her part, to "love, honor, and obey him."

As Sawney and Sall—that lazy old g'all,
Sat near by the old chimney place,
He out with a brand—with a flirt of his hand,
And gave her a dig in the face.

For there would she set, *fra* morning 'till night,
Nor the divil a stitch would she sow,
But as soon as 'tis dark—away she would stalk,
But where did this she-devil go?

Why into McEldary, as people will tell thee,
Her nocturnal course she would bend,
In quest of the police—to get him to make peace,
But the devil a one would attend.

When she gets to his office, overcome by his proffers,
To confer in the back anti-chamber,
Then slam goes the door, and *we ken nothing more*
Of what she will always remember.

Nor longer she'll taunt him—with constables daunt him,
Till her dander begins to increase,
And she thinks on the joy, so free from alloy
She had with this limb of the peace,
And how grateful to her, it was to confer
With this *stem* of the city police.

Then anon she will start, with all h–ll in her heart,
Against the old Boss in the corner,
When she gets in a freak to repeat the old trick,
May the devil have mercy upon her.

And if I don't mistake—her carcase will shake,
When she gets in that sulphuric crater,
Where the devil will stand with Sawney's old brand
Instead of a cup of cold water.

Man was made to mourn—A Dirge.

When chill November's surly blast
Made fields and forests bare,
One ev'ning, as I wander'd forth
Along the banks of Ayr,
I spy'd a man, whose aged step
Seem'd weary, worn with care;
His face was furrow'd o'er with years,
And hoary was his hair.

"Young stranger, whither wand'rest thou?"
Began the rev'rend sage;
"Does thirst of wealth thy step constrain,
Or youthful pleasures rage?
Or, haply, prest with cares and woes,
Too soon thou hast began
To wander forth, with me to mourn
The miseries of man?

"The sun that over-hangs yon moors,
Out-spreading far and wide,
Where hundreds labour to support
A haughty lordling's pride!
I've seen yon weary winter-sun
Twice forty times return;
And ev'ry time has added proofs
That man was made to mourn.

"O man! while in thy early years,
How prodigal of time!

Mispending all thy precious hours,
Thy glorious youthful prime!
Alternate follies take the sway;
Licentious passions burn;
Which tenfold force gives Nature's law,
That man was made to mourn.

"Look not alone on youthful prime,
Or manhood's active might;
Man then is useful to his kind,
Supported is his right:
But see him on the edge of life,
With cares and sorrows worn,
Then age and want, oh! ill-matched pair!
Shew man was made to mourn.

"A few seem favourites of fate,
In pleasure's lap carest;
Yet think not all the rich and great
Are likewise truly blest;
But oh! what crowds in ev'ry land,
Are wretched and forlorn;
Thro' weary life this lesson learn,
That man was made to mourn.

"Many and sharp the num'rous ills
Inwoven with our frame!
More pointed still we make ourselves,
Regret, remorse, and shame!
And man, whose heaven-erected face
The smiles of love adorn,
Man's inhumanity to man
Makes countless thousands mourn.

"See yonder poor, o'erlabour'd wight,
So abject, mean, and vile,

Who begs a brother of the earth
To give him leave to toil;*
And see his lordly *fellow-worm*
The poor petition spurn,
Unmindful, though a weeping wife
And helpless offspring mourn.

"If I'm design'd yon lordling's slave—
By Nature's law design'd,
Why was an independent wish
E'er planted in my mind?
If not, why am I subject to
His cruelty or scorn?
Or why has man the will and pow'r
To make his fellow mourn?

"Yet let not this too much, my son,
Disturb thy youthful breast;
This partial view of human kind
Is surely not the *last!*
The poor, oppressed, honest man
Had never, sure, been born,
Had there not been some recompense
To comfort those that mourn!

O Death, the poor man's dearest friend,
The kindest and the best!
Welcome the hour my aged limbs
Are laid with thee at rest!
The great, the wealthy, fear thy blow,
From pomp and pleasure torn;

*The contrast between his own worldly circumstances and intellectual rank, was never perhaps more bitterly nor more loftily expressed by our Poet, than in these four lines, and the first half of the following stanza.

But, oh! a blest relief to those
That weary-laden mourn!"* BURNS.

The Cotter's Saturday Night.

INSCRIBED TO R. AIKEN, ESQ.

LET not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys and destiny obscure;
Nor grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.—*Grey*

MY lov'd, my honour'd, much respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride I scorn each selfish end,
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise;
To you I sing in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways;
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! tho' his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween.

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;†
The shortning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil-worn Cotter frae his labour goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,

*In "Man was made to Mourn," Burns appears to have taken many hints from an ancient ballad, entitled "The Life and Age of Man."

†The continued rushing noise of a strong wind.

Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary, o'er the moor, his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee-things,* todlin,† stacher‡ thro'
To meet their dad wi' flichterin‖ noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle§ blinkin' bonnilie,
His clean hearth-stane, his thriftie wifie's smile,
The lisping infant prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
An' makes him quite forget his labour and his toil.

Belyve¶ the elder bairns come drappin' in,
At service out, amang the farmers roun';
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie** rin
A cannie errand to a neebor town;
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her e'e,
Comes hame, perhaps, to show a bran new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd brothers and sisters meet,
An' each for others welfare kindly spiers:††
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnotic'd fleet;
Each tells the uncos‡‡ that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle an' her sheers,
Gars‖‖ auld claes look amaist as weel's the new;
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

*Little children. †Tottering. ‡Stagger. ‖Fluttering.
§Small fire-place. ¶Bye and bye. **Carefully. ††To inquire.
‡‡Strange sights, tales, or stories. ‖‖Makes.

Their masters' and their mistresses command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
An mind their labours wi' an eydent* hand,
An' ne'er, tho' out of sight, to jaukt or play;
An' O! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
An' mind your *duty*, duly, morn an' night!
Lest in temptations path ye gangt astray,
Implore his counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door;
Jenny, wha kens the meaning of the same,
Tells how a neebor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkie in Jenny's e'e, and flush her cheek;
Wi' heart-struck anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflinsǁ is afraid to speak;
Weel pleas'd the mother hears, it's nae wild worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome Jenny brings him ben;§
A strappan youth, he taks the mother's eye;
Blythe Jenny sees the visit 's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye;
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate¶ and laithfu',** scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleas'd to think her bairn†† 's respected like the lave.‡‡

*Diligent. †Daally, or trifle. ‡Go.
ǁPartly. §Into the country parlour. ¶Bashful.
**Sheepish. ††Child. ‡‡The rest, the others.

O happy love! where love like this is found!
O heart-felt raptures, bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
If Heaven a draught of heav'nly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the ev'ning gale.

Is there in human form that bears a heart—
A wretch! a villian! lost to love and truth,
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjur'd arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exil'd?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth*
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruined maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board!
The halesome parritch,† chief o' Scotia's food:
The soup their only hawkie‡ does afford,
That 'yont|| the hallan§ snugly chows her cud:
The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel-hain'd kebbuck¶ fell,**
The frugal wife, garrulous will tell,
How 'twas a towmond auld,†† sin' lint was i' the bell.‡‡

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*Sorrow. †Wholesome porridge. ‡Cow ||Beyond.
§A partition-wall in a cottage, or a seat of turf on the outside.
¶Well saved or well kept cheese. **Well savored, of good relish.
††A twelve-month old. ‡‡Since flax was in the flower.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle,* form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big Ha'-Bible,† ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart‡ haffets§ wearin' thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales¶ a portion with judicious care;
And "*Let us worship God!*" he says with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the nobest aim;
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy o' the name:
Or noble Elgin** beets†† the heav'nward flame,
The sweetest far o' Scotia's holy lays:
Compar'd with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heart-felt raptures raise,
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abraham was the friend of God on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or, how the royal bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or, Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or, rapt Isaiah's wild seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;

*Fire-place. †The large hall-Bible. ‡Grey, or of a mixed color.
§Temples—side of the head. ¶Choses, selects,
**Dundee—Martyrs—Elgin—] Names of sacred melodies used in singing psalms. ††Adds fuel to, or increases devotion.

How *He*, who bore in heav'n the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay his head;
How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How *he*, who lone in Patmos banished,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down to heaven's eternal King,
The *saint*, the *father*, and the *husband* prays:
Hope "springs exulting on triumphant wing,"*
That *thus* they all shall meet in future days;
There, ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear,
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Compar'd with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide,
Devetion 's ev'ry grace except the *heart!*
The *Pow'r*, incens'd the pageant will desert,
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole;
But haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleas'd, the language of the soul;
And in his *book of life* the inmates poor enrol.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their *secret homage* pay,

*Pope's Windsor Forest.

And proffer up to Heaven the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way his wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly in their hearts with *grace divine* preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs
That makes her lov'd at home, rever'd abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man 's the noblest work of God:"*
And *certes*, in fair virtue's heav'nly road,
The *cottage* leaves the *palace* far behind:
What is a lordling's pomp? a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human-kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refin'd!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil,
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And O! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile!
Then, howe'er *crowns* and *coronets* be rent,
A *virtuous populace* may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd thro' Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dar'd to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,

*Pope's Essay on Man.

(The patriot's God peculiarly thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!
O never, never, Scotia's realm desert:
But still the *patriot* and the *patriot bard*,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

BURNS.

The Cotter's Saturday night is, perhaps, of all Burns's pieces, the one whose exclusion from the collection, were such things possible now-a-days would be the most injurious, if not to the genius, at least to the character of the man. Loftier flights he certainly has made, but in these he remained but a short while on the wing, and effort is too often perceptible; here the motion is easy, gentle, placidly undulating. There is more of the conscious security of power, than in any other of his serious pieces of considerable length; the whole has the appearance of coming in a full stream from the fountain of his heart—a stream that soothes the ear, and has no glare on the surface.—*Lockhart's Life of Burns.*

On reading Benton's Speech.

ON reading TOM BENTON'S speech in relation to the Presidential election in 1844, when Jas. K. Polk was elected

MY good old horse I read you right,
Ye'r bent for vict'ry—bent for fight,
Then don't you keep it out of sight,
Despite of Harry Clay—
That we can bring a champion forth,
To beat their bully of the south,
A champion of superior worth,
And win the glorious day.

I like full well your congress-speech,
You seem the truth alone to teach,

The truth alone you seem to preach,
In rough and unco phraise—
For truth is strong and must prevail,
Tho' dukes and lords our rights assail,
Yet truth and virtue never fail
In good old honest days.

ERIN.

BY F. M'NERHANY.

Oh, shall it thus forever be?
Shall Erin, pinioned, sleep?
Is not the struggle to be free
More noble than to weep
O'er mighty wrongs that crush to earth
The honest sons of toil—
That bind the millions from their birth,
As in a serpent's coil?

What care the hirelings of a crown,
Though tears of blood were shed?
When Famine's scythe mowed thousands down,
Felt *they* the Christian's dread?
Or heard they even with a sigh
That *ditches* were the graves
Of men who tottered there to die,
Unwilling to live slaves?

Weep over wrongs! of what avail
Are tears, or groans, or sighs?
Hath not poor famished Erin's wail
Oft pierced the very skies?

And if, resigned, she wept for years,
Would not the lordly frown
Freez'd, if it could, her falling tears,
To gem a tyrant's crown?

Will men of nerve—eight millions strong—
Forever thus remain?
Forever drag their yoke along,
And wear a galling chain?
Oh, no!—as waves from out the deep
Cast pebbles from the strand,
The rushing multitudes shall sweep,
The minions from the land!

Then Peace, on angel wing shall come,
And brighten with her smile
The hearth of ev'ry little home
That dots the Ocean Isle;
While Plenty, with unsparing hand,
Sha scatter far and wide
The riches of a blooming land
On ev'ry rolling tide.

And Erin, robed in fadeless green,
Shall once again unfold
Each fair and charming landscape scene
Her poets sang of old;
Her ancient hills, with beauty crowned,
In native pride shall rise,
Like sentinels, to watch around
Her bright and tranquil skies!

HIGHLAND MARY.

In this song, so exquisitely mournful, we see all the anticipations, all the hopes, of Burns laid low. His prayer was not heard. His Mary was, as it were, struck dead at his feet. She met him, by appointment, in a sequestered spot by the banks of Ayr, where she spent the day with him in taking a farewell, before she should embark for the West Highlands, to arrange matters among her friends for her projected change in life. Shortly after she crossed the sea to meet him in Greenock, where she had scarcely landed when she was seized with a malignant fever, which hurried her to the grave in a few days, before he could even hear of her illness.

Tune.—*Katharine Ogie.*

Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers.
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfald* her robes,
And there the langest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom' the gay green birk—
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom,
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me, as light and life,
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

*Unfolds.

Wi' monie a vow and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early!
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly!
And mould'ring now in silent dust,
That heart that loe'd me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core,
Shall live my Highland Mary. BURNS.

TO ANNETTE.

By desire of a young man who had been denied all further interviews with a young lady to whom he was much attached, as also the house of her father.

DEAREST of woman-kind,
And durst thou deplore
The fate that 's assigned to us—
Ne'er to meet more?
Or wilt thou thy kin defy,
Then to thy William hie,

And with a trusting eye
Look upon me?

Down by the flowing rill,
Then o'er the meadows green
In transports so joyous,
We hence shall be seen.
So kind may fortune be,
Such make our destiny,
Where none shall injure thee—
"Annette the fair."

To Mary in Heaven.

We have seen Burns celebrate the youth and beauty of his Mary. We have seen him bewail her death in the most pathetic and agonizing strains. In this sublime and tender elegy which he composed on the anniversary of her decease, his whole soul seems overwhelmed with sadness. Agitated by the tumult of his feelings, he retired from his family, then residing on the farm of Ellisland, and wandered on the banks of the Nith and about the farm-yard nearly the whole of the night. At length he threw himself on the side of a corn-stack, and gave utterance to his grief in this divine strain of sensibility—this heart rending address "To Mary in Heaven."

Tune.—*Miss Forbes's Farewell to Banff.*

Thou ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?

Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day in parting love?
Eternity will not efface,
Those records dear of transports past—
Thy image at our last embrace,
Ah, little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning, green
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene.
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaim'd the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear
My Mary! dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

BURNS

BY PARK BENJAMIN.

AWAKE, arise, ye men of might,
The glorious hour is nigh—
Your eagle pauses in his flight,
And screams his battle-cry.

From North to South, from East to West,
Send back an answering cheer,
And say farewell to peace and rest,
And banish doubt and fear.

Arm, arm, your country bids you arm,
Fling out your banners free—
Let drum and trumpet sound alarm
O'er mountain, plain and sea.

March onward from th' Atlantic's shore,
To Rio Grande's tide—
Fight as your father's fought of yore—
Die as your brothers died.

Go, vindicate your country's fame—
Avenge your country's wrong,
The sons should own a deathless name
To whom such sires belong.

The kindred of the noble dead
As noble deeds should dare;

The fields whereon their blood was shed
A deeper stain must wear.

To arms, to arms, ye men of might,
Away from home, away,
The first and foremost in the fight
Are sure to win the day.

RIGHTS OF WOMAN.

While Europe's eye is fix'd on mighty things,
The fate of empires and the fall of kings;
While quacks of state must each produce his plan,
And even children lisp *the Rights of Man;*
Amid this mighty fuss, just let me mention,
The Rights of Woman merit some attention.

First, in the sexes' intermix'd connexion,
One sacred Right of Woman is *protection.*—
The tender flower that lifts its head elate,
Helpless, must fall before the blasts of fate,
Sunk on the earth, defaced its lovely form,
Unless your shelter ward th' impending storm.

Our second Right—but needless here is caution,
To keep that right inviolate 's the fashion,
Each man of sense has it so full before him,
He 'd die before he 'd wrong it—'tis *decorum.*—
There was, indeed, in far less polish'd days,
A time, when rough rude man had naughty ways;

Would swagger, swear, get drunk, kick up a riot;
Nay, even thus invade a lady's quiet—
Now, thank our stars, these Gothic times are fled;
Now, well-bred men—and you are all well-bred—
Most justly think (and we are much the gainers)
Such conduct neither spirit, wit, nor manners.

For Right the third, our last, our best our dearest,
That right to fluttering female hearts the nearest,
Which even the Rights of Kings in low prostration
Most humbly own—tis dear, dear *admiration!*
In that blest sphere alone we live and move;
There taste that life of life—immortal love.—
Smiles, glances, sighs, tears, fits, flirtations, airs,
'Gainst such an host what flinty savage dares—
When awful Beauty joins with all her charms,
Who is so rash as to rise in rebel arms?

But truce with kings, and truce with constitutions,
With bloody armaments and revolutions;
Let Majesty your first attention summon,
Ah! caira! the Majesty of Woman! BURNS.

TO COL. DE PEYSTER.

DUMFRIES, 1796.

My honour'd Colonel, deep I feel
Your int'rest in the Poet's weal;
Ah! now sma' heart hae I to speel*
The steep Parnassus,
Surrounded thus by bolus pill
And potion glasses.

O what a cantiet warl were it,
Would pain, and care, and sickness spare it;

*To climb. †Cheerful.

And Fortune favour worth and merit,
As they deserve;
(And ay a rowth* roast beef and claret,
Synet wha wad starve?)

Dame Life, tho' fiction out may trick her,
And in paste gems and frippery deck her;
Oh! flickering, feeble, and unsicker‡
I've found her still,‖
Ay wavering like the willow-wicker,
'Tween good and ill.

Then that curst carmagnole, auld Satan,
Watches, like baudrans§ by a rattan,‖
Our sinfu' saul to get a claut¶ on
Wi' felon ire;
Syne,** whip! his tail ye 'll ne'er cast saut on,
He 's aff like fire.

Ah Nick! ah Nick! it is na fair,
First shewing us the tempting ware,
Bright wines and bonnie lassess rare,
To put us daft;††
Syne weave, unseen, thy spider snare,
O' hell's damn'd waft.

Poor man, the flie aft bizzes‡‡by,
And aft as chance he comes thee nigh,
Thy auld damn'd elbow yeuks§§ wi' joy,
And hellish pleasure;

*Plenty. †Then. ‡Unsteady. §The cat. ‖A rat
¶To get hold of. **Then. ††Mad, or off our guard.
‡‡To buzz. §§Literally, itches. Some persons manifest a high degree of pleasure by a quick motion of the elbow.

Already in thy fancy's eye,
Thy sicker* treasure.

Soon heels-o'er-gowdie †t in he gangs,
And like a sheep-head on a tangs,
Thy girning‡ laugh enjoys his pangs
And murdering wrestle,
As dangling in the wind he hangs
A gibbet's tassel.

But lest you think I am uncivil,
To plague you with this draunting‖ drivil
Abjuring a' intentions évil,
I quit my pen:
The Lord preserve us frae the devil!
Amen! Amen!

TO A TAILOR.

In answer to an Epistle which he had sent to the author.§

WHAT ails ye now, ye lousie b—ch,
To thresh my back at sic a pitch?

*Sure. †Topsy-turvy. ‡Grinning hideously. ‖Drawling

§This answer to a trimming letter is omitted in Dr. Currie's edition of the Poems, published for the benefit of the author's family; not because he had any doubt that the verses were written by Burns, but because he was of opinion that they were discreditable to his memory—and for the same reason, the editor and commentator, has forborne to elucidate what he deems already sufficiently indelicate.

Losh man! hae mercy wi' your natch,
Your bodkin 's baule,
I dina suffer half sae much
Frae daddie Auld.

What tho' at times, when I grow crouse,
I gie their wames a random pouse,
Is that enough for you to souse
Your servant sae?
Gae mind your seam, ye prick the louse,
And' jag the flae.

King David, o' poetic brief,
Wrought 'mang the lasses sic mischief
As fill'd his after life with grief
An' bluidy rants
An' yet he 's rank'd amang the chief
O' lang-syne saunts.

And maybe, Tam, for a' my cants,
My wicked rhymes, an drunken rants,
I 'll gie auld cloven Clooty's haunts
An unco slip yet,
An snugly sit amang the saunts,
At Davie's hip yet.

But fegs, the Session says I maun
Gae fa' upo' anither plan,
Than garrin lases cowp the cran
Clean heels owre body,
And sairly thole their mither's ban,
Afore the howdy.

This leads me on to tell for sport,
How I did wi' the Session sort—

Auld Clinkum, at the inner port,
Cry'd three times, 'Robin!
Come hither lad, an' answer for 't,
Ye 're blam'd for jobbin'!'

Wi' pinch I put a Sunday face on,
An' snoov'd awa' before the Session—
I made an open, fair confession,
I scorn to lie;
And syne Mess John beyond expression,
Fell foul o' me.

A fornicator loun he call'd me,
An' said my faut frae bliss expell'd me;
I own'd the tale was true he tell'd me;
"But what the matter,"
Quo' I, "I fear, unless ye geld me,
I 'll ne'er be better."

"Geld you!" quo' he, "and whatfore no?
If that your right-hand, leg, or toe,
Should ever prove your sp'ritual foe,
You should remember
To cut it aff, an' whatfore no?
Your dearest member?"

"Na, na," quo' I, "I'm no for that,
Gelding 's nae better than 'tis ca't,
I'd rather suffer for my faut
A hearty flewit,
As sair owre hip as ye can draw 't!
Tho' I should rue it.

"Or gin ye like to end the bother,
To please us a', I've just ae ither,

When next wi' yon lass I forgather,
Whate'er betide it,
I 'll frankly gie her 't a' thegither,
An' let her guide it!"

But, Sir, this pleas'd them warst ava,
And therefore, Tam, when that I saw,
I said, "Gude night," and cam awa'
An' left the Session;
I saw they were resolved a'
On my oppression. BURNS.

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID,

Or the Rigidly Righteous.

MY son, these maxims make a rule,
And lump them ay thegither;*
The rigid Righteous is a fool,
The rigid Wise anither:
The cleanest corn that e'er was dight†
May hae some pyles a' caff‡ in;
So ne'er a fellow-creature slight
For random fits o' daffin.'‖

Solomon.—Eccles. vii. 17

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel,
Sae pious and sae holy,
Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
Your neebor's faults and folly!
Whase life is like a weel-gaun§ mill,
Supply'd wi' store o' water,
The heapet happer's¶ ebbing still,
And still the clap** plays clatter.

*Always together. †Cleaned from chaff. ‡Grains of chaff.
‖Merriment. §Well-going. ¶Heaped hopper. **Clapper of mill.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
As counsel for poor mortals,
That frequent pass douce* Wisdom's door
For glaikit† folly's portals;
I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
Would here propone defences,
Their donsie‡ tricks, their black mistakes,
Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
And shudder at the niffer,‖
But cast a moment's fair regard,
What maks the mighty differ?
Discount what scant occasion gave,
That purity ye pride in,
And (what 's aft mair than a' the lave§)
Your better art of hiding.

Think, when your castigated pulse,
Gies now and then a wallop,
What ragings must his veins convulse,
That still eternal gallop:
Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
Right on ye scud your sea-way;
But in the teeth o' baith¶ to sail,
It maks an unco** lee-way.

See social life and glee sit down,
All joyous and unthinking,
Till, quite transmugrify'd, they 're grown
Debauchery and drinking:
O, would they stay to calculate
Th' eternal consequences;

*Sober. †Thoughtless. ‡Unlucky.
‖Exchange. §All the rest. ¶Both. **Awkward.

Or, your more dreaded hell to state,
Damnation of expenses!

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
Ty'd up in godly laces,
Before ye gie poor frailty names,
Suppose a change o' cases;
A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
A treacherous inclination—
But, let me whisper i' your lug,
Ye're aiblins* nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
Still gentler sister woman;
Tho' they may gang a kennin† wrang;
To step aside is human:
One point must still be greatly dark,
The moving *why* they do it;
And just as lamely can ye mark,
How far perhaps they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us,
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias,
Then at the balance let 's be mute,
We never can adjust it:
What 's *done* we partly may compute,
But know not what 's *resisted*. BURNS.

*Perhaps. †A little, a small matter.

THE TWA HERDS.*

THE "Twa Herds were Mr. Moodie, minister of Riccarton, and Mr. John Russel, then minister of Kilmarnock, and afterwards of Stirling.

O A' ye pious godly flocks,
Weel fed on pastures orthodox,
Wha now will keep ye frae the fox,
Or worrying tykes,†
Or wha will tent the waifs‡ and crocks,‖
About the dykes?

The twa best Herds in a' the wast,
That e'er gae gospel horn a blast,
These five and twenty simmers past,
O, dool§ to tell!
Hae had a bitter, black outcast¶
Atween themsel.

O M'Kinly, man; and wordy** Russel,
How could you raise so vile a bustle,
Ye 'll see how *new-light* herds will whistle,
And think it fine?
The Lords cause ne'er gat sic a twistle,††
Sin' I hae min'.

O, Sirs! whae'er wad hae expeckit,
Your duty ye wad sae neglectkit,
Ye wha were ne'er by lairds respeckit,
To wear the plaid,

* "This the first of my poetic offspring that saw the light." *Burns.* †Dogs. ‡Strayed, and not yet claimed. ‖Ewes too old for breeding. §Sorrowful. ¶Quarrel. **Worthy. ††To twist.

But by the brutes themselves eleckit,*
To be their guide.

What flock wi' M'Kinlay's flock could rank,
Sae hale and hearty every shank,
Nae poisoned sour Arminian stank,†
He let them taste,
Frae Calvin's well, ay clear they drank—
O sic a feast.

The thummart‡ wil'-cat, brock‖ and tod,§
Weel kenn'd his voice thro' a' the wood,
He smell'd their ilka hole and road,
Baith out and in,
And well he lik'd to shed their bluid,
And sell their skin.

What herd like Russel tell'd his tale?
His voice was heard thro' muir and dale
He kenn'd the Lord's sheep, ilka tail,
O'er a' the height,
And saw gin¶ they were sick or hale,**
At the first sight.

He fine a mangy sheep could scrub,
Or nobly fling the gospel club,
And *new-light* herds could nicely drub,
Or pay their skin;
Could shake them o'er the burning dub,††
Or heave them in.

Sic twa!—O, do I live to see 't?
Sic famous twa should disagreet,
And names, like villian, hypocrite,
Ilk ither gien,‡‡

*Elected. †Pool of standing water. ‡Pole-cat. ‖Badger. §Fox. ¶If. **Healthy. ††Pond. ‡‡Each other give.

While *new-light* herds, wi' laughing spite,
Say neither 's liein'.

A'ye wha tent the gospel fauld,
There 's D——n deep, and P——s shaul;*
But chiefly thou, apostle Auld,
We trust in thee,
That thou wilt work them, hot and cauld,
Till they agree.

Consider, sirs, how we 're beset,
There 's scarce a new herd that we get,
But comes frae mang that cursed set,
I winna name,
I hope frae heav'n to see them yet
In fiery flame.

Dalrymple has been lang our foe,
M'Gill has wrought us meikle wae,†
And that curs'd rascal ca'd M——e,
And baith the Shaws,
That aft hae made us black and blae,
W' vengeful paws.

Auld W——w lang has hatch'd mischief,
We thought ay death wad bring relief,
But he has gotten, to our grief,
Ane to succeed him,
A chiel wha 'll soundly buff our beef,
I meikle dreud him.

And monie a ane that I could tell,
Wha fain would openly rebel,
Forbye turn-coats amang oursel,
There 's S—h for ane,

*Shallow †Much woe

I doubt he 's but a grey-nick quill,
An that ye'll find.

O a' ye flocks, o'er a' the hills,
By mosses, meadows, moors and fells,
Come join your counsel and your skills,
To cowe* the lairds,
And get the brutes the power themsels,
To choose their herds.

Then Orthodoxy yet may prance,
And Learning in a woodie dance,†
And that fell cur ca'd Common Sense,
Tha, bites sae sair,
Be banish'd o'er the sea to France;
Let him bark there.

Then Shaw's and D'rymple's eloquence,
M'Gill's close nervous excellence,
M'Q—'s pathetic manly sense,
And guid M'Math,‡
Wi' Smith, wha thro' the heart can glance,
May a' pack aff. BURNS.

*Frighten. †Dance in a rope. ‡See Burns's Poems, page 210.

Col. May in a Scrape.

THE New Orleans Picayune relates the following stirring incident in which the gallant Col. MAY figured:

THIS gallant officer being at the Orleans theatre last evening in company with Gen. Lewis, and several of the audience recognizing him, his name, in a few minutes after his entrance, resounded from every part of the house. Overwhelmed with so enthusiastic a demonstration, he attempted to withdraw but was prevented by those near him, and on returning to resume his seat in the parquette, the house was filled with vociferous cheering—the ladies waving their handkerchiefs, showered boquets upon him, and even the leader of the orchestra forgetting his duties in his desire to behold the gallant soldier, turned from the stage, and struck up, on his violin, "Hail Columbia." It was several minutes before the house returned its attention to the performance.

AND McIntosh, the honored brave,
Who fills a valiant soldier's grave—
Who died his country's rights to save;
Long may his God-like fame,

Resound abroad with one accord,
In glory to his name.

And now the last tho' not the least,
For merit and renown,
We speak in numbers pure and chaste
Of the gallant Major Brown—
Who, boldly in his country's cause,
Raised high that warlike arm,
To shield her honor and her laws
From peril and alarm.

On the death of the Poet's Daughter.

THESE tender and affecting lines were written, it is said, on the death of his child in 1775.

OH sweet be the sleep in the land of the grave,
My dear little angel, forever;
Forever—oh no! let not man be a slave,
His hopes from existence to sever.
Tho' cold be the clay where thou pillow'st thy head,
In the dark silent mansions of sorrow,
The spring shall return to thy low narrow bed,
Like the beam of the day-star to-morrow,
The flower-stem shall bloom like thy sweet seraph form,
Ere the spoiler had nipt thee in blossom,
When thou shrunk frae the scowl of the loud winter storm,
And nestled thee close to that bosom,
Oh still I behold thee, all lovely in death,

Reclined on the lap of thy mother,
When the tear trickled bright, when the short stifled breath,
Told how dear ye were aye to each other.
My child, thou art gone to the home of thy rest,
Where suffering no longer can harm ye,
Where the songs of the good, where the hymns of the blest,
Through an endless existence shall charm thee.
While he, thy fond parent, muse sighing sojourn,
Through the dire desert regions of sorrow,
O'er the hope and misfortune of being to mourn,
And sigh for this life's latest morrow;

ON THE SAME.

Here lies a rose, a budding rose,
Blasted before its bloom;
Whose innocence did sweets disclose
Beyond that flower's perfume.
To those who for her loss are grieved,
This consolation 's given—
She 's from a world of woe relieved,
And blooms a rose in heaven. Burns.

Verses written under violent grief.

In 1786, when the poet's circumstances were so embarrassed, that he had determined to emigrate to Jamaica as a means of improving them.

Accept the gift a friend sincere
  Wad on thy worth be pressin';
Remembrance oft may start a tear,
But oh, that tenderness forbear,
  Though 'twad my sorrows lessen.

My morning raise sae clear and fair,
  I thought sair storms wad never
Bedew the scene; but grief and care
In wildest fury hae made bare
  My peace, my hope, forever.

You think I'm glad; oh, I pay weel,
  For a' the joy I borrow,
In solitude—then, then I feel
I canna to mysel' conceal
  My deeply ranklin' sorrow.

Farewell, within thy bosom free
  A sigh may whiles awaken;
A tear may wet thy laughin' ee,
For Scotia's son—ance gay like thee—
  Now hopeless, comfortless, forsaken.

Burns.

FINIS.

CONTENTS.

	Page.
Appeal to the Mayor	50
Annapolis Rangers	95
A delinquent Preacher	104
Annapolis Darkies	150
Awake, arise	183
Advertisement	94
Buckeye Blacksmith	42
Buchannan	56
Bar-room	72
Billy O'Branagan	120
Benton	196
Buskirk	58
Burns's Daughter	198
Court-House Clique	23
Carrier's Address	25
Cass and Butler	71
Cotter's Saturday Night	169
Dignity aloft	33
Epitaph	83
Epitaph	134
Erin	177
Firemen's Visit	66
Firemen's Return	68
Governor's Nomination	48
Governor's Election	80
Good Blood	128
Griet	200
Highland Mary	179
Irish Girl	138
Irish Fight	158
Irish Woman	100
Illiterate Constable	102
Jenny Lind	75
" "	79
Landlord	52
Lament to the Middys	74
Lament	37
McCurry	100
McIntosh	197
May, Col.	ib
Mayor's Veto	29
Merrekin	47
Mayo, Capt.	56
Midnight Dirge	107
Moser	119
Midnight Suckers	131
Mayoralty of Baltimore	152
Man was made to Mourn	166
Night Watch	84
Old Nick	62
Oppressed Debtor	155
Page, Mrs.	21
Polk, Jas. K.	24
Polk and Clay	85
Piney Woods	114
Polk's Nomination	153
Ringgold	12
Rights of Woman	184
Rhetorick	116
Scott, Gen.	54
Stripes	70
Smoke	75
Serenaders	82
Sermon	108
Severn, Fort	163
Sawny and Sall	164
Taylor, Gen.	10 15
Taylor's Lament	126
Turner's Lament	40
The Light-house	43
The Pump party	60
The Silver Cup	65
The Blue's visit	87
The Tailor	89
To the City Hall	112
The pride of Woman	135
Trio	141
The Frog	148
The Mule Story	156
Turner for Mayor	159
The Murdered Child	160
The Ohio Steamer	162
To Annette	180
To Mary in Heaven	181
Twa Herds	193
To Col. De Peyster	185
To a Tailor	187
Unco Guid	190
Van Buren	59
Vaccination	146
Walker	18
Watson	19
Webster	36
Wise	118
Youthful Kindness	64